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MAY
1955

VOL. 50 NO. 5

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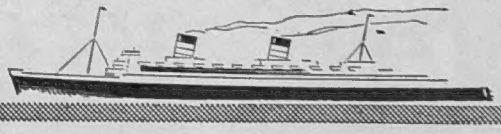

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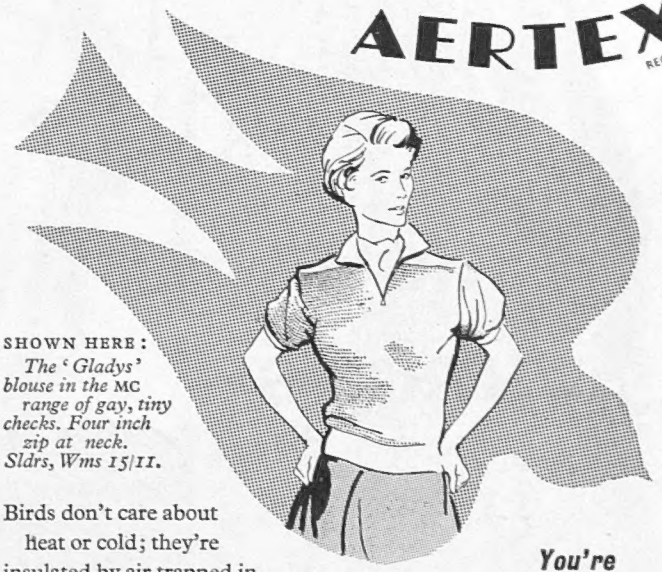

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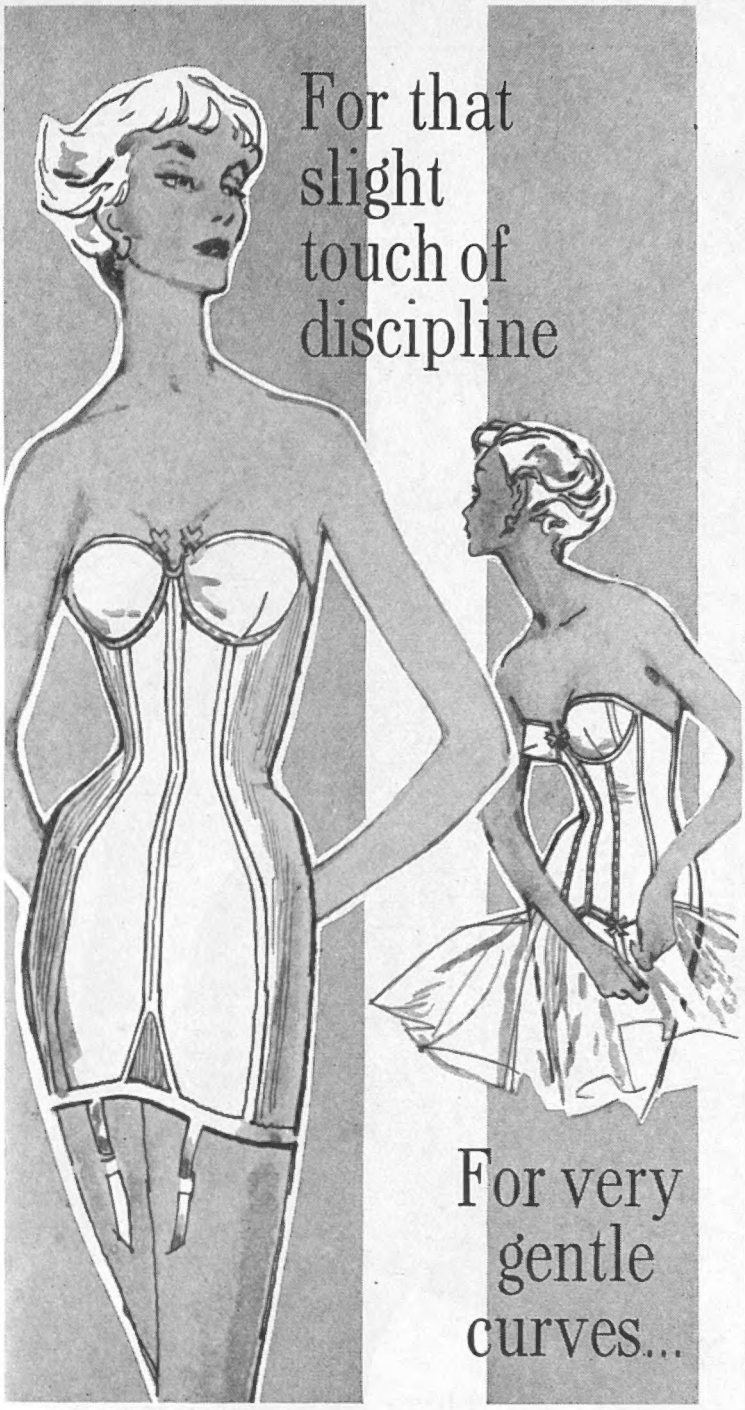

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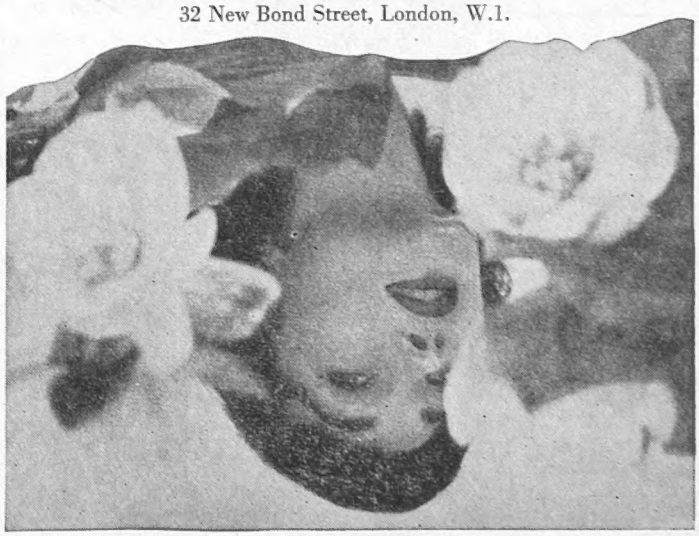

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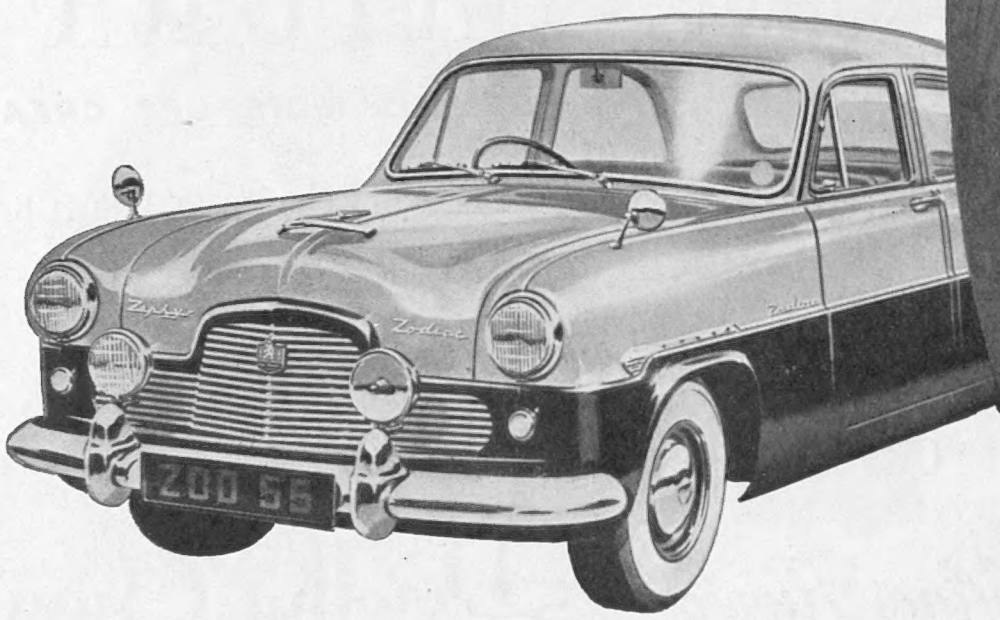

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Flight from Suspense

What did a heap of excess baggage matter when a marriage was at stake?

By J. TREVOR STORY

Illustrations by Coleman

JOY REYNOLDS flew to Barcelona, not to save time, because goodness knows she had plenty of that, but because she liked flying. She and Arthur—Sir Arthur now, had met, fallen in love and had been almost married in the air.

They had found each other while working in an air circus in the early thirties; she had just got her "B" licence, he had already made a name with a record-breaking flight to the Cape. They were stunting around England with a Tiger Moth, a Blackburn Bluebird and a Rapide for giving flips at five shillings a time.

Now, a dark, attractive woman of forty-three, she reflected rather sadly on those mad days as they cruised at a casual 300 miles an hour over the French landscape. In those days flying was fun, all the records were there to be broken and Arthur had broken most of them. And between times they had thrilled Saturday-afternoon crowds with wing-walking, stunting, parachuting and terrifying power dives at 150 miles an hour.

It had all been very sub-sonic compared with modern flying achievements, but the excitement had been incomparably greater. And the greatest excitement of all, for her, had been Arthur.

Now it was all over. The times had changed, flying had changed, and it seemed that Arthur had changed too. He still flew his own plane, but only on business trips. As the Pyrenees folded behind them, far below, she smiled wryly. This, presumably, was another business trip; Arthur was already in Barcelona with his confidential secretary.

She knew that the managing director of an aircraft company had to make business trips, had to have a confidential secretary. But why did it have to be a twice-married, streamlined, dark brown bombshell like Hesta Fawcett?

Joy was making this impulsive trip because she had no reason to suspect her husband of infidelity. At least, no more reason than one meeting with Hesta at a company dinner and a few remarks Arthur had made afterwards.

"She 's efficient, y'know," Arthur had said as they drove home. It was the kind of unprompted, defensive remark that husbands make about pretty secretaries. "No matter what sort of flap we 're in, she always gets through."

Joy didn't mind that. If anyone needed an efficient assistant, Arthur did. It was in what he muttered next that Joy saw the red light.

"One of those high-wing jobs," he had said.

Arthur had been in love with an old parasol monoplane named Dame Clara in 1935. Joy knew that if Arthur had found a woman who recaptured for him something of the spirit of Dame Clara, then he was as good as lost already. And she had seen that Dame Clara light in his eyes a good many times since then whenever Hesta Fawcett's name was mentioned.

That was all. Business trips had increased over the past six months and usually they were to sunny places. Arthur had stopped delegating the firm's foreign negotiations.

"Time I took a more personal hand in things," he had explained.

She had not asked him for explanations. It had sounded a little glib. Even suggestive, though she was ashamed of the thought.

Barcelona, the bay, the unbelievably blue sea wheeled under the port wing. She did not know herself just what she hoped to achieve from this undignified intrusion into Arthur's affairs, with or without an "*e*." She was certain in her mind that this, of all the trips, was phoney. Spanish currency was tight, Franco was dealing almost exclusively with the U.S. Arthur had told her that himself. And wasn't there a big deal pending with some South American country?—the executives were expected in London at any day. He had told her that, too.

Joy had just one thing clear in her mind. This trip, seeing Arthur and Hesta together, would resolve the situation one way or the other. She felt that she was not flying to Arthur in order to save her marriage, but to wave it a swift good-bye. To stop the agony.

She realised that it was probably just what Hesta wanted, for when it came to a war of nerves, Hesta had the advantage. Joy believed in marriage, Hesta believed in marriages.

WHEN Joy arrived at the hotel Arthur and his secretary were just leaving. She had imagined finding them in all sorts of cosy situations, but seeing them now looking like nothing so much as an executive in a hurry with his secretary smoothing his path, Joy felt momentary relief—and a certain amount of shame. They might have been coming out of the main office at the works.

Arthur's surprise was almost comical and there was no embarrassment that Joy could detect. At fifty Arthur still had an open, honest face if a bit overchinned and crumpled on the brow.

"What on earth brought you——"

"Fog," Joy said promptly. It was true, though purely mental.

"Hope it doesn't delay us," Arthur said, anxiously. "Got a cable. Those Bolivians have arrived—conference tomorrow. You know Hesta, of course—Lady Reynolds——"

The two women acknowledged each other with empty smiles, the antagonism mutual and polite. Hesta Fawcett looked thirty and lovely and maliciously self-possessed.

"Was it very bad—the fog, I mean?" Hesta asked.

"Bad enough," Joy said, evenly. "I couldn't stand any more of it."

Hesta smiled. "It 's been wonderful here—hasn't it, Sir Arthur?"

"Yes, I s'pose so——" He looked at Joy. "You 'll come back with us now?"

"Is there room?" Joy said.

"G'lord, yes," Arthur said.

He seemed oblivious to all the undercurrents passing between the two women. Knowing him, every shade of expression and tone of his voice, Joy wondered if he were genuinely unaware.

"Across the coast is safest," he said, "over the mountains is quickest."

"The coast——" Hesta said.

"The mountains——" Joy began, a shade sooner.

Arthur deliberated. A blonde Spanish porter stood holding two large cases, the taxi was outside in the bright sunlight. Arthur said:

"We could send this stuff air-freight, I suppose—lessen the load. We shall want all the height we can get, and three up 's as much as she 'll carry."

Hesta said: "I must take my case, Sir Arthur—I shall need my clothes if we 're going to entertain these——"

"Yes, yes, all right," Arthur said. "We shall be all right."

Joy knew that expression only too well. He had used it enough in the old days to dismiss the fact that he was taking an

irresponsible risk. He had used it when they had debated whether they could really afford to get married. His luck had held so far . . .

ARTHUR'S luck gave out when they were flying high above the Pyrenees—though not as high as he could have wished. The craft was a low-wing cabin plane built to carry two people and about 80 lb. in luggage. In fact, the plane, built by Arthur's own company, was overloaded. This it might have stood if the engine had not started to lose revs.

"What 's the matter, Arthur ?" Joy was sitting in a small bucket seat staggered behind Arthur's control seat; Hesta was sitting on a small bunk at the back, where the luggage was normally stowed.

Arthur juggled the throttle, checked his instruments. "Can't see anything. Seems to be starved of petrol, though there 's plenty on register. Must be a partial blockage."

Hesta grabbed Joy's arm. The plane was gradually descending toward the peaks below, although the throttle was fully out. "What 's he mean ? What 's wrong ?" There was more than a trace of panic in her voice.

The antagonism of the two women was mutual and polite. "What on earth brought you . . .?" said Arthur

Joy turned round. "A bit of a blockage in the petrol feed—he 'll clear it."

"Hold tight, then," Arthur said. "I 'm going to cut the juice off and kill the motor—we 'll lose a few hundred feet. When I put it on again it may clear itself."

It didn't. The little plane plummeted down with only the sound of the wind rushing past. Hesta clung to the back of Joy's seat, petrified, silent. Joy watched the instruments. Saw Arthur switch on again. The engine caught, roared, then faltered again as the plane levelled out.

Arthur turned to Joy, his expression grim. "No luck. Can't risk it again—we 've lost too much height already."

Joy nodded, racking her brains.

Hesta said: "Can't we turn back ? We don't have to climb above that range——"

Arthur grunted. "Look behind you and see . . ."

ONLY then did their predicament become ominously clear. Not only was there a range of mountains ahead of them, but they had flown in over a high plateau and dropped down into a rocky valley. They were now ringed by high ground, the plateau behind, jagged mountain peaks all around them. And they were still losing altitude.

Hesta returned her gaze to Arthur. "What can we do ?"

Arthur made no reply, for they were suddenly confronted with what seemed like a sheer face of rock. He put the aircraft into a tight bank and began a wide circle of the rugged valley. The throttle was wide open but, starved of fuel, the engine was only just maintaining level flight.

Joy, concentrating on the problem, suddenly noticed Hesta's two large cases stacked under the rear bunk. She herself had brought only a small week-end case, Arthur had sent his luggage by air freight from Barcelona.

Joy said: "How much weight do we have to lose in order to make height, Arthur ?"

Arthur shrugged. "Hundred pounds at least——"

Hesta had noticed Joy's glance at her cases and the fear in her face changed to anger. "You can't throw my cases out !"

Joy referred the protest to her husband simply by looking at him for a decision. Arthur looked from Joy's face to Hesta's and delayed judgment.

"I don't think it would be enough," he said.

"Of course it wouldn't !" Hesta said. "They 're only clothes, and practically all I have."

Joy couldn't hide her disgust. "I don't see that they 'll be much use to you after we hit——"

"Oh !" Hesta took the callous prediction the way Joy had intended she should. Her face crumpled into tears.

"There 's one chance," Arthur said. "One of us will have to jump——"

"Jump ?" Hesta echoed.

"Parachute," Arthur said. "Whoever goes stands a slight chance of a safe landing."

Joy said: "Whoever stays stands a slight chance of getting over those mountains——"

"I can't jump !" Hesta cried. Then, quickly: "And you can't, Arthur—you 'll have to fly the plane. If there 'd been just the two of us we should never have got into this trouble !"

Her voice scraped into hysteria and Joy forgave her the use of her husband's first name—but not the implication that she had no place with her own husband.

"No, you can't jump," Joy said, "but I can——"

"Hold tight !" Arthur exclaimed. He banked steeply to avoid the jagged terraces below the plateau and zoomed back towards the middle of the valley, where the ground fell away thousands of feet, giving them more air room.

Arthur said: "Whoever 's heaviest must jump—it will make the risk worth while and give the plane the best chance of getting clear."

" Where 's the 'chute ? " Joy said, calmly.

Arthur didn't look at her. " In the locker under your seat, Joy."

Hesta watched Joy grope under the seat and drag out the parachute and harness. Her expression calmed a little as Joy began manœuvring her arms into the straps, but it was a calm which vanished into horror as Arthur said, quietly :

" O.K., Joy—come and take over."

Hesta screamed. " No ! Arthur, no ! You can't leave me to die——— ! "

Any protest which Joy had been about to make remained unsaid. She lay down the parachute and moved into the control seat as Arthur shifted out. Joy realised that it was near-suicide for Arthur, but it was the only way. Although running at reduced power, the engine was fairly steady. With 200 lb. less weight aboard it should rise.

Joy got the feel of the aircraft as Arthur put on the parachute. They both seemed unaware of Hesta, who sat watching them, her face white as chalk. As she turned the plane from the mountains back into the valley Joy thought, for a funny sort of moment, that they might have been back with the air circus, working together again, the years between all fallen away.

" Right ? " Arthur said. His hand was on the door-catch.

Hesta came to life again. " Don't let him go ! Don't you see—he wants to get rid of you as well ! He 's planned this ! "

Arthur's face, as he looked at his secretary, had the same kind of expression which might have been there had one of the wings just dropped off.

Hesta said : " I 'm coming with you ! "

Arthur said : " There 's only one parachute—you can have it if you like."

It was obvious that Hesta didn't like.

Turning to Joy, Arthur said : " Take the eastern range if you can get her up and make the first landing you see—I shall want a search-party."

Joy turned in her seat and for a moment they looked into each other's eyes. Arthur opened the door. And he stepped into space without hesitation.

Joy banked the plane round so that she could watch him fall. Although the height from the floor of the valley was sufficient to give the 'chute time to open, there were many intervening peaks. She gave a silent prayer of thanks as she saw the streak of silk suddenly blossom. Then it was lost in the blue shadows which already shrouded the lower slopes of the mountains.

Joy banked the plane round so that she could watch him fall. The height from the floor of the valley was sufficient, but there were intervening peaks

THE effect of Arthur's jump was instantly felt. Holding the control column as far back as she dare without risking a stall, Joy held the plane on a slow climb into the wind. She hardly dare imagine what was happening to Arthur. A man of his weight could be dashed to death in making a parachute descent on that kind of terrain, a mere rocky pocket in the mountains all chasms and peaks, with no grass or shrubs to break his fall.

" We shall make it, shan't we ? We 're going to be all right ? "

Hesta's anxious voice cut across her thoughts and angered her. Whatever she had been to Arthur she wasn't worrying very much about him now.

" I don't know," Joy said. " You 'd better get that door shut—it doesn't help."

" I couldn't ! "

Glancing over her shoulder, Joy saw Hesta straining as far away from the open door as she could, her eyes fixed in fascination on the precipitous scenery framed far below them.

Joy experienced a sudden itch of irritation against the woman. She could see that the crest of the lowest mountain peak in the eastern range would soon fall below them, but purposely she put the nose of the craft down again and started to turn away.

" Why 're we going back ? " Hesta exclaimed. " I thought we could get over——"

" We 'd hit the top," Joy said. " We 've got to lose a bit more weight——"

" How ? "

" Your cases," Joy said. She could not easily forget that Hesta had valued her precious clothes beyond Arthur's life or her own.

" Never ! " Hesta said, flatly.

" Very well," Joy said. She banked around once more towards the peak. " We 'll take the risk of hitting it . . ."

Joy, the suspicion of a smile around her mouth, held the nose of the aircraft level with the peak as they flew up to it. With less than a quarter of a mile to go she pushed the stick forward slightly and the nose dipped.

" I 'll throw them out ! " Hesta shouted. " For God's sake, get it up——— ! "

With her foot Hesta pushed her two large travelling cases across the floor of the plane. First one vanished, then the other, turning over and over and dwindling into the merest specks. She watched them vanish—evening gowns, cocktail dresses, underwear, jewellery, the best that Paris and London and New York could provide, the trophies of two marriages and the bait for a third.

" That 's better," Joy said, as though sensing the other woman's thoughts. And she pulled back the stick, letting the little plane climb easily above the crest of the mountain, up, up, up into the clearest sky.

" WHAT I don't understand," Sir Arthur Reynolds said to his wife as they drove between the airfield and their home, " is what Hesta meant when she said I was trying to get rid of you *as well* ! "

" She must have imagined that you didn't love her any more, either," Joy said. She nestled into his shoulder, exquisitely comfortable. She had made a safe landing at a small French airfield and news of Arthur's safety was waiting for her. Hesta had caught a train to Paris, she had gone back into the mountains with a jeep to pick him up. Arthur had flown home in two hours exactly.

" Love her ? " Arthur said. " I never loved her ! She was my secretary—you know that ! " He looked down at Joy but could only see the tip of her nose over her fur collar.

" To a woman like Hesta," Joy said, " a career is only the vehicle for her love-life——"

" What d'you mean—either ! " Arthur exclaimed, suddenly remembering. " Don't tell me you think I don't love you ? "

" Oh, no," Joy said. " Hesta said it, didn't she ? It 's the first assumption a woman like that has to make—that a man is not in love with his wife."

To the danger of the public, Arthur bent his head swiftly and kissed the tip of her nose. " Damn silly things women imagine," he said.

" M-m-m-m," Joy said.

" Still, y'know," Arthur said, " have to compensate her for those whatsits. Shame they had to go overboard."

" A terrible shame," Joy murmured, comfortably. The headlights caught a familiar stretch of holly hedge and then a gateway, and suddenly they were home.

By RAYMOND A. BENNETT

Coffee houses have come back to London. They are a far cry in some ways from Dr. Johnson's world but, for all that, they are the city's . . . .

Rendezvous 1955!

A picture story of the gondola on one wall and John Piper, Osbert Lancaster and Humphrey Spender designs on table tops at *The Gondola*

Plate-glass and shrill colours of the contemporary decor mingled with features of a Breton fisherman's bar at *The Troubador*, a London coffee house

Illustrations by
VIVIEN HISLOP

SOME things just happen. One day you walk the streets of London with an hour and a few coppers to spare, and all you find is the slop and bustle of a snack-bar ; the next—*Arabica-Negresco* ! and you run a gauntlet of exotic coffee-bars.

Time is a funny thing.

It is possible, for instance, to sit with a small cup of Espresso coffee and listen to animated conversation, to see the unmistakable line of contemporary decor, and yet find yourself trying, unaccountably, to " place " it all. The extravagant 'twenties . . . the Edwardians and the Café Royal. . . . A little of each, perhaps. And the eighteenth century. . . . Yes, the Johnsonian Coffee House. Backward or forward in time, it makes no difference.

Stories, gossip, gambling, sales by auction, and the Freshest, Most Authentic Ship News. All this over a cup of coffee.

Well, not quite. The emphasis has changed, but the basic idea is the same.

In Northumberland Avenue, the " Bar " is long and narrow ; modern paintings are ranged along the two main walls, and their authors, young men in stove-pipe trousers and duffle coats, and girls wearing almost the same, perch on stools, and talk over steaming mugs and table ledges.

Time and conversation. These are the plentiful and elastic (*Continued on page* 69)

The ELEGANCE

that is . . . . . .

ROME

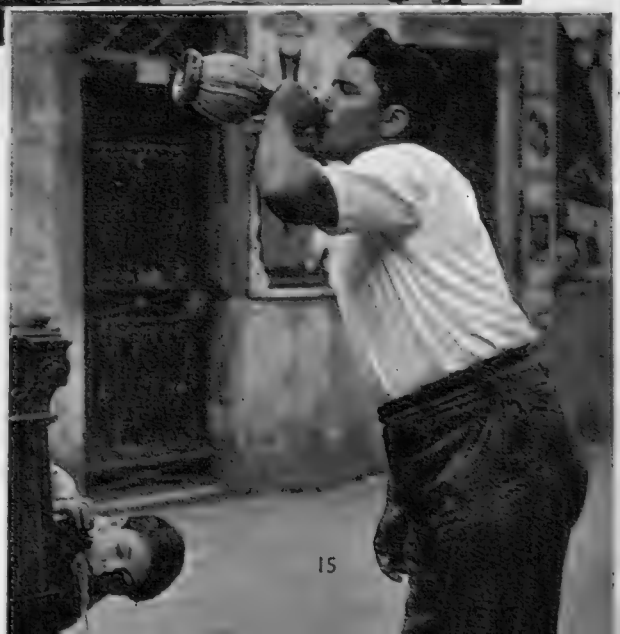
LIKE a city roused from the lethargy of centuries of sleep, Rome to-day is challenger for the title of Europe's Most Elegant City.

The majestic white stone pile that is Rome's main station sits amid the city of Popes and Princes and Olympic outlines like a symbol—the teeming gateway through which multitudes of foreigners arrive eager to behold the Eternal City and depart, spellbound.

This city of ancient history is, to-day, also the city of modern glamour and here, as nowhere else, the two seem indivisible. . . . Its sparkling main streets and its narrow alleys share an innate elegance. The eternal spout of water from its endless fountains has the same derisive quality as the beauty of its proud-faced people. Both were bred in a fabulous tradition. The features of a flower-seller glimpsed under the coloured dome of her umbrella look at you again from the Michelangelo faces in the Sistine Chapel, and the dark-eyed urchin running at your side is a cherub from a Bellini masterpiece.

Rome has thrown out the challenge to the world of *haute couture*. The seasonal trek of fashion journalists and buyers from all over the world, once directed to London and Paris, now includes the Italian city. Carosa, Capucci and Antonelli are, like Hartnell and Dior, high in the constellation of fashion. Women tourists in Rome are wide-eyed at the merchandise in its main street shops, agog at the soignée elegance of its lovely women. Paris casts a tolerant smile in the direction of its rival and murmurs . . . " Paris is the home of fashion. Paris *is* fashion. . . ." Perhaps, but such has been the demeanour of all beauties with a lovely rival since Rome began.

Far left: Silver white columns and the classicism of a silver white gown meet in the proud tradition of elegance. Above: City of spraying fountains, sumptuous squares and sunlight gilding ancient buildings with amber. Night in the Piazza



City of the ambling vettura (above) and countless Vespas buzzing like wasps in wide thoroughfares and cobbled alleys. City of wine shops and happy drinking and faces tinged with the subtle melancholy of a long and fabulous tradition

By MURIEL SEGAL

Woman against Time

All television planning begins with Mrs. Spicer, upon whom every T.V. series depends from the word go to the final whirr of the cameras

A SLENDER, smartly dressed woman with honey-blonde hair, blue eyes and Dresden-china complexion, sits amongst charts and calendars at the Television Centre, and with devastating calm "lays-on" over 3,000 television programmes a year.

Although Mrs. Joanna Spicer, Head of Programme Planning, has nothing at all to do with choosing the artists or the items, yet no programme could go on the screen without her. In fact, it is said that she is the most important woman amongst the 1,700 people employed on the T.V. staff. Producers, heads of programmes, camera crews—in fact, anyone who is part of the complicated process of putting on a T.V. session—must rely on her from the minute the item is decided on, through to the final whirr of cameras.

For example, suppose a play has been accepted. It is now Mrs. Spicer's responsibility to fit it into her programme schedule; allocate the camera-crew; the make-up people, engineers and any others she thinks necessary. She it is who decides whether one or two rehearsals are needed, and sees to it that the same studio and staff are reserved for the rehearsals as well as for the actual show, *and* the repeat. Because, naturally, the whole team must be available to work on the repeat of the Sunday play on the following Thursday evening.

This intricate time-table planning goes on for programmes which are sometimes as far as six months ahead and always at least three months away. Mrs. Spicer works to a strict budget. If a director insists that he cannot put on a series under, say, £1,200, then Joanna—she is known by her first name at Lime Grove—has to convince him that the job can be done equally efficiently on less. From this it is obvious that Mrs. Spicer has to know a great deal about other people's jobs as well as her own. She is also required to be a considerable diplomat.

That is one of the Spicer success secrets. Not only must she cope with the gigantic task of a back-room administrator, but she must handle a very large team of creative people and keep them happy. Looking charming, speaking in her soft voice and with the greatest possible diplomacy, she quickly grasps the essentials of a problem when it is brought to her and puts her solution to the contestants in an argument in such a way that they regard it as their own.

Joanna Spicer came to her present important post via a long training. Following a wartime job at the Ministry of Information she spent some years with Overseas Broadcasting, planning programmes for listening abroad. Five years ago she was appointed as assistant to Sir Gerald Barnes at Lime Grove, now she works closely with Cecil McGivern, interpreting his new policy of "more programmes during the same transmission time." How to fit them all in is the biggest of her daily problems. It is not surprising that she goes home with a brief-case full of homework. She drives herself to and from the studios from her mews flat near Hyde Park, arriving before 9.30 in the morning, and most week-ends she spends at her Sussex farmhouse with her husband and her son when he is home from Eton.

An attractive woman who dresses elegantly, has a first-class mind and holds a top-executive job is a rare and intriguing thing and worth telling the world about.

Joanna Spicer has to know a great deal about other people's jobs in order to cope with her own, as an organiser, administrator and diplomat

The Trim Piece

By IAIN CRAWFORD

Illustrations by CRISP

IT isn't that I am normally susceptible to actresses. True, when I was at university in Aberdeen and nearer to the temptations which the big cities always place in the way of a young man from the islands, there was a white-skinned, dark-haired girl who danced in the chorus at the Pavilion theatre about whom I had thoughts which might have shocked that reverend figure, the minister of Toombargie Free Church, my father.

But at Aberdeen I never got nearer an actress than the front row of the gallery, partly from natural timidity but principally because of my father. Actresses were a subject on which he could be eloquent for hours and before I left Toombargie for Aberdeen on my first journey off the island of Drora alone, he prepared me to face the evils and temptations of the world beyond Drora, unaccompanied. Women, particularly women who made their living by exposing themselves to the gaze of the public, figured largely in his instructions and the fear of them had kept me firmly

r o o t e d

I was conscious of many furtive glances from the congregation and of a blush on my cheeks which answered them

When I came running out into the street, I knew that I was seen, for I heard Rab MacIver's great shout of laughter

to the gallery. That then was the nearest I had ever been to an actress until this June. It was Sunday and I was just closing the garden gate behind me as she passed. First I was conscious of an unfamiliar but wholly entrancing smell, unlike anything I had ever encountered on Drora before. A dense, rich intoxicating smell which swirled round my head and up into my nostrils, bringing with it dreams of sunshine and exotic delight most unsuited to a Scottish Sabbath morning. I lifted my eyes and there she was—the actress.

Of course I had heard of her arrival. Everyone in Drora knew all about her. She was a young cousin of old Peter MacLean who owned the biggest motor-boat in Toombargie and she was there for the holidays. She smiled at me and I raised my black hat and looked again.

"Good morning," she said very quietly and gently. "You must be Mr. Macdonald, the schoolmaster."

We walked together to the kirk the heady perfume of her sweeping around me and my ears full of my heart's drumming. As old Peter was not much of a churchgoer, I asked her to sit in my pew. It was common Highland courtesy, I told myself, but I was conscious of many furtive glances from the rest of the congregation and of a burning heat in my cheeks which answered them. She sang the hymns in a clear high soprano and bent her head devoutly during the long prayers of my father's successor.

She was having a quiet holiday she told me as we left the kirk and walked down the hill towards the harbour. It was very restful she said to come to somewhere like Drora where no one cared what

you wore or what you did. But she was quite wrong about that. Drora is not that kind of a place at all.

IT was on the Wednesday following that first Sabbath that the trouble began. I found myself developing the habit of taking a stroll down into the village about eight o'clock of an evening when I should have been correcting exercise books. I passed Peter MacLean's cottage and as it seemed a pity to have come all that way for nothing and there was no sign of life at the cottage, I dropped in at the Skarveag Hotel for a crack with Malcolm Turnbull, the proprietor. While we were discussing the affairs of the week over a small dram in came Rab MacIver. When he saw me he laughed.

"So we have the local Casanova with us this evening," he said. "Is the lady not talking to you that you've taken to drink?"

"I wouldn't be knowing to what you are referring," I said with some dignity.

"Would you not now?" said Rab knowingly. "Well, that's a great shame for she's as bonnie a lassie as I've seen for many a long day."

Rab set great store by his judgement of women because he had once been away on the foreign-going for eighteen months.

"As you know, Colin boy, I have seen something of the world, and I can tell you that cousin of Peter's is a trim piece." He repeated the phrase with some satisfaction. "Yes boy, a trim piece. I was out in the boat yesterday trying a line or two in the bay and there she was on the rocks at end of the point diving in and out of the water like a mermaid. I can tell you boy, it was a sight to fill a man's eyes with joy."

When I walked out of the bar there was a strange beating in my head. The blood running through my veins seemed warmer and thicker and it gave off strange mists which clouded my brain. I was so mixed up in my thoughts that I did not look where I was going and I almost ran into her.

In the half-light she didn't recognize me at first but when she did she looked pleased.

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Macdonald," she said. "I thought it was someone who was too full to stand, making his way home from the Skarveag. Won't you come in and have a cup of tea?"

She was wearing trousers and a yellow jumper which proved conclusively—not that I sought proof—that Rab's estimate of her trimness was not an error and the smile with which she accompanied the invitation was irresistible.

Inside she lit a lamp and soon we were sitting, one on either side of the fire talking away as if we had been old friends for years. Her laugh had a gay, warm infectious sound, like a burn running over pebbles with the sun shining on it. It was only after I had pulled out my pipe and was filling it carefully that I remembered to ask where old Peter was.

"Oh, he's gone fishing," she said easily. "He won't be back till tomorrow morning."

And we went on talking. She sat there on the other side of Peter's small fireplace, looking like something which had flown in from the sea on the back of a wild goose straight out of a fairy tale. I could feel the Devil working strongly within me and I poured out a great cataract of words to silence the insistent voice of Auld Nick urging me towards the girl. I found myself telling her of the great books full of ancient Celtic heroes which I was going to write one day, and as I told her the old tales they gained in fluency and splendour and became clothed in new words.

Golden words and words which smelled of the ocean and the grass and the bracken, words which had the cries of birds in them and the restless music of the sea. And in her shining eyes I saw myself as a great writer of tales. She looked at me, lips parted, all rapt attention and my head swam and I leaned forward—and then I saw the clock and heard the thick breathy sound of Auld Nick laughing behind my shoulder.

It was after three o'clock in the morning! I got up hastily covered with confusion. She looked at me still pleasantly but with the look of enchantment gone out of her.

"It is very late," I said, "I should not have stayed so long."

I groped for the door handle as her smile reached down through my eyes into the depths of me, and finding it, turned and fled into the darkness. But it was no longer night. The grey light which precedes the dawn was drifting in from the sea and Peter MacLean's boat was coming in from the fishing. They saw me quite clearly. Their boat was not five yards from the water's edge when I came running out into the street and although no one called after me, I knew that I was seen for I heard Rab MacIver's great shout of laughter.

THE next day at the school I was putting my books away in my desk after the children had gone, when the schoolhouse door opened and Peter MacLean came in. He looked grave and his face was set in hard lines.

"I am wanting a word with you, Colin Macdonald," he said slowly.

"Yes, Peter."

"It was an un-Christian hour that you were leaving my house this morning, Colin."

"It was late, yes," I said uneasily, "but there was nothing—she cannot have said that there was anything—amiss."

The lines on old Peter's face deepened and his mouth set into a hard line. "She is treating the whole thing as a joke. It is none of my business, she is telling me, and it is laughing all the time that she is at my talk of the honour of the MacLeans. You will be knowing yourself, Colin, that it is nothing to be laughing at."

"She is a fine girl, Colin," he went on more easily. "There is not the like of her on the island and for all her fancy London ways, she will make you a grand wife."

"Wife?" I croaked, my breath swept from me.

"Wife," said old (*Continued on page 70*)

Ground-floor vista, looking from the general-purpose room across dining-room to stairs and landing entrance

Living-room and study corner are on the first floor. Staircase from entrance comes up on right of picture below

A small site on a steep slope — so you enter half-way up the stairs.

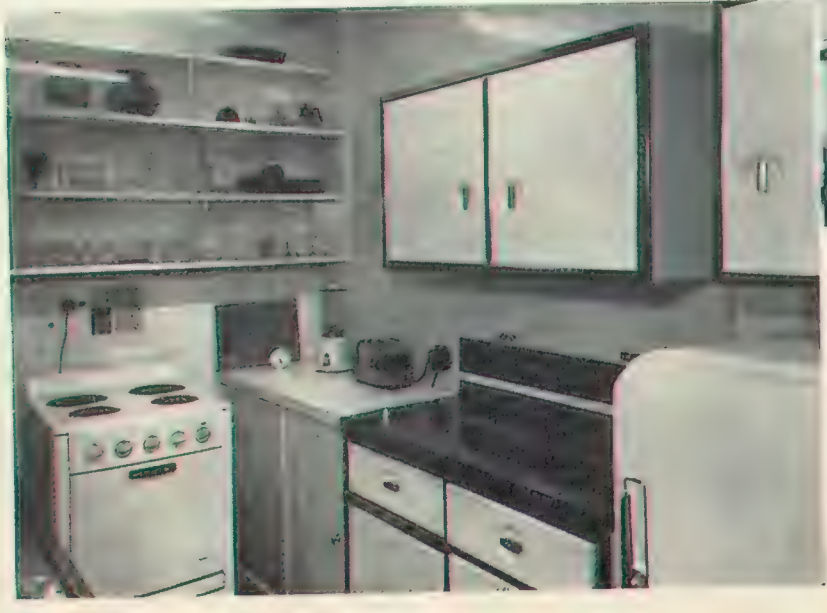
An intriguing and practical house designed by Architects' Co-Partnership

WILDWOOD COTTAGE was designed by its architect owner to prove that a cottage in a bosky setting can be contemporary in all essentials and still be a cottage in a dell. The site is in a wooded corner of Hampstead Heath, not more than four miles from central London and, being what it is, presented some tricky technical problems of design. It is a small one, on a steep slope, so the main entrance of the house was made to open at a point midway between the upper and lower floors. In other words you enter the house on a landing half-way up to the living-room-study, the master bedroom and bathroom and half-way down to the dining-room, kitchen and remaining bedrooms.

The result of this arrangement is that the upstairs quarters compose a kind of flat for the owner and his wife who are busy professional people while their baby son and his nurse have their own rooms at the lower level adjacent yet separated from the rest.

This is a very small house, but clever planning has given it all the airy spaciousness of much larger homes.

Underfloor heating on the upper floor utilizes a controlled water coil system. Downstairs the heat is disseminated from the ceilings. On the coldest winter day the house temperature is evenly cosy despite the prodigous window space which makes the living-room seem one with the wooded garden outside.



Above: one corner of the main bedroom with ground-length windows

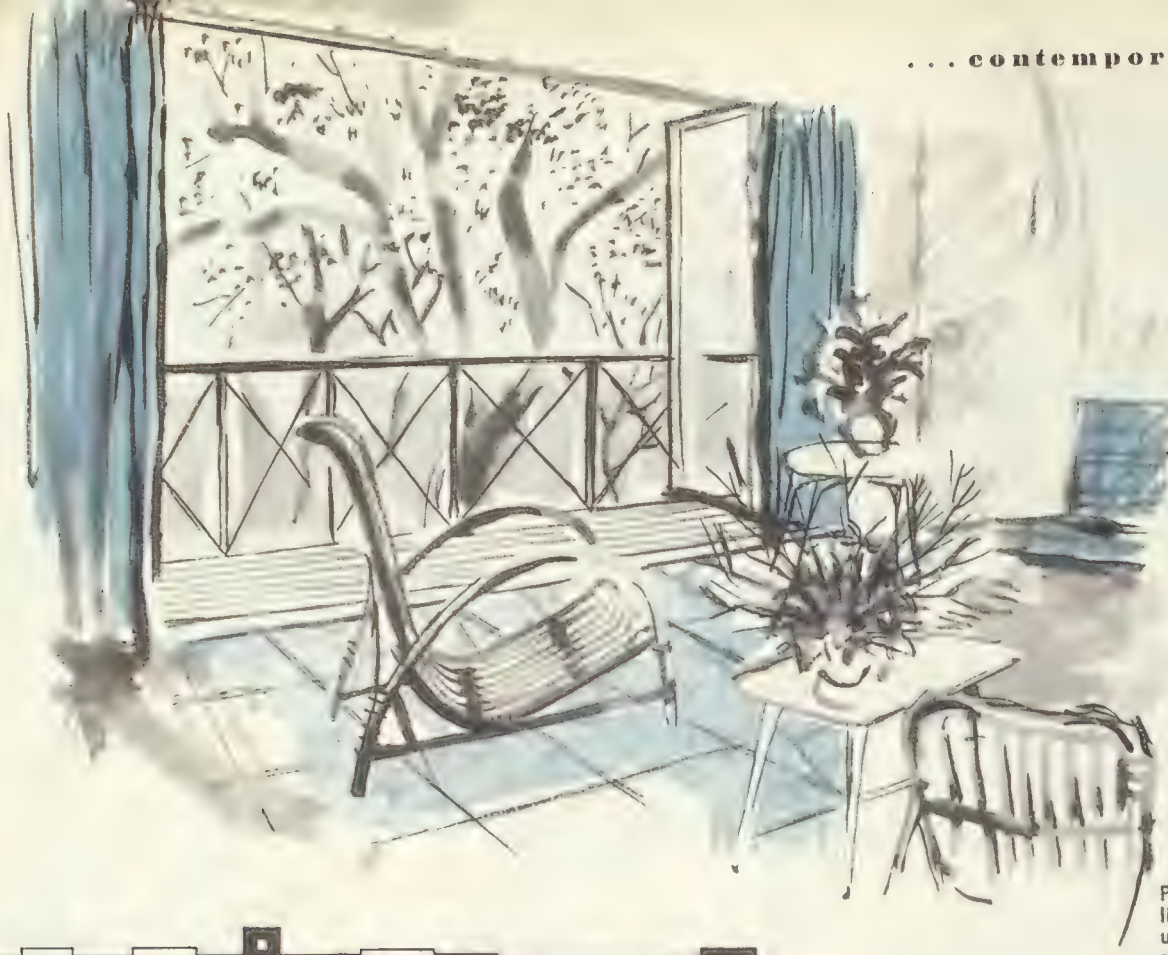
Left: kitchen. Serving hatch through to the dining-room is in centre

Right: bathroom opens conveniently into the dressing lobby at one end

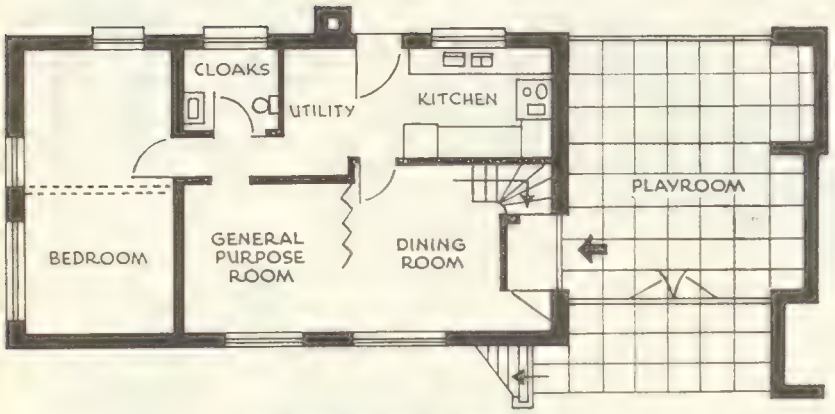
The glass-enclosed playroom vestibule gives access to the main door of the house which, to overcome the difficulties of the site, admits to a landing half-way up the staircase. The living-room balcony has an entrance from the garden

a Contemporary Cottage in London . . .

Illustrations by SHEILA TIZZARD

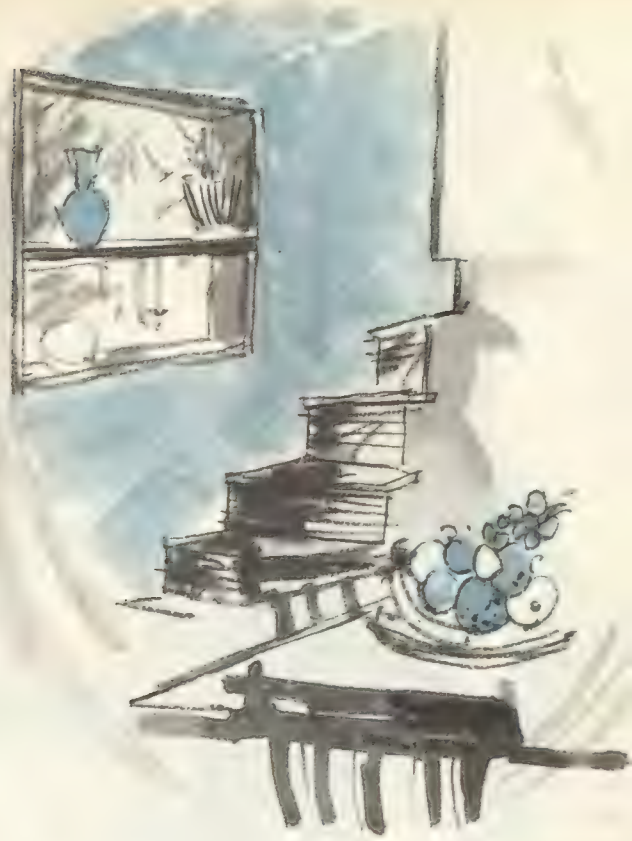


Polished quarry tiles in the living-room are heated from underneath by a water coil system. The wide glass casement window rolls back, opening one whole side of the room to the balcony view



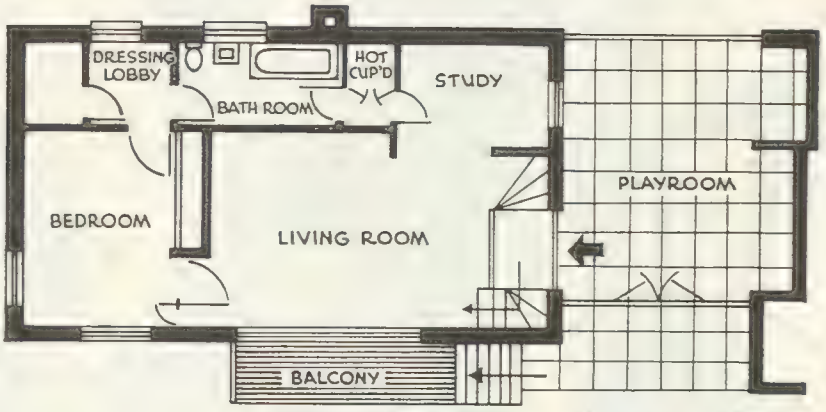
GROUND FLOOR PLAN

The kitchen next to the dining-room on the lower level concentrates cooking apparatus at one end. The near end, not shown, allows free passage from the back door and houses the Sentinel boiler and washing machine

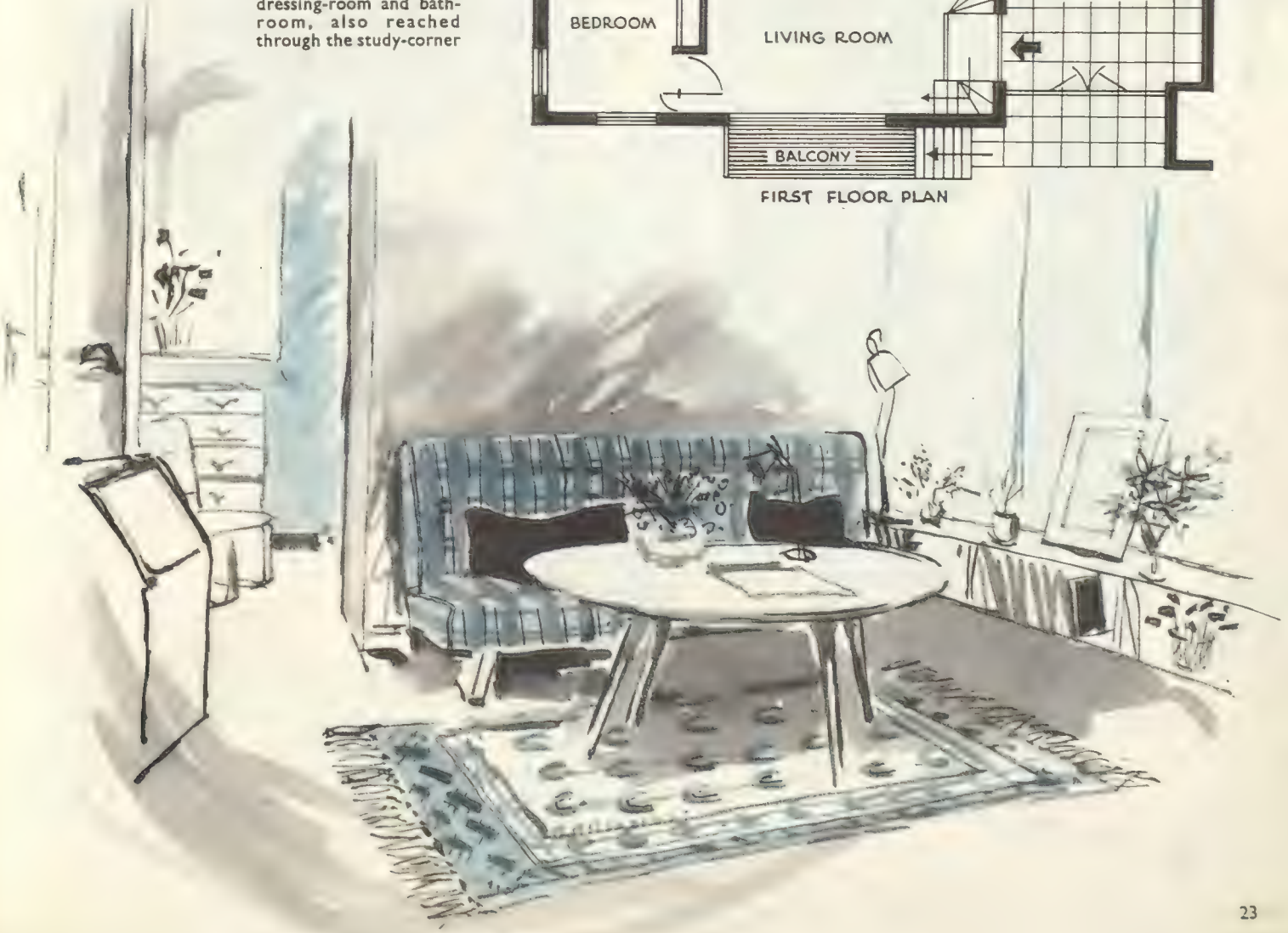


Above: The study-corner of the living-room is isolated at the L-end. *Top right:* Down the staircase from the front door to the dining-room, which is divided by folding doors so it can be enlarged for full-scale entertaining

Another aspect of the main living-room (*below*) showing the master bedroom beyond it which, in turn, gives access to the dressing-room and bathroom, also reached through the study-corner



FIRST FLOOR PLAN



KING COTTON

Four reasons for his rule

Harlequin print (*left*) by Horrockses, £4 9s. 6d. at Selfridges; Watts, Glasgow. Design of 1795 (*above*) on dress by Trilnick in Potter's cotton, about 5 gns. at Swan and Edgar; Griffin and Spalding, Nottingham.
Straw hat by Dolores, £3 8s. 6d. at Finnigans, London; Bon Marche, Liverpool

The warm South: hand-blocked Paisley print from Provence, richly jewelled on themes of ruby, topaz and emerald. Three-piece: dirndl, bolero and cross-over blouse. With a sash in the plain colour, 14½ gns. complete, at Debenham and Freebody; Jenners, Edinburgh

Pierrot bobbles on inked print by Phyllis Taylor. Black pen-strokes on green (as here), red, pale blue, white or pink: witty stole; stiff sanforized petticoat; fabric by Burnes. About 11 gns. at Mikla, Wigmore Street; Henry Ash, Norwich; Darlings, Edinburgh. Edward Mann hat, £1 17s. 6d. at Kays, Bond Street; Lewis Shops

Clothes and details chosen together make

PERSONALITY PLUS

For May in Mayfair: Berg's immaculate long-jacketed suit in mohair and silk: 29 gns. at Woollands; Ben Pearson, Huddersfield. Handbag and shoes by Ferragamo in the beautifully-marked, deep-lustred skin of the sea leopard, a Greenland fish. Handbag 15 gns., hand-sewn shoes £9 19s. 6d. at Lillywhites, London and Edinburgh. *Right:* Waist-length jacket in sapphire-dyed musquash, £69 from the National Fur Co. Chandelier ear-rings from Fior

Illustrations by AUDREI

The glint of gold thread in two-piece ensemble by Sylvia Mills—turquoise, grey, copper or gold wool with untarnishable Lurex subtly interwoven and a "cloth-of-gold" scarf. Dress about 19 gns. jacket 16 gns., at Rocha, Grafton Street; Jenners, Edinburgh. Kangol beret. *Right:* Summer showerproof in acetate shantung. By Telemac, £5 19s. 6d. at D. H. Evans; Garlick, Bristol. Tartan shopper by Bagcraft, £1 9s. 9d. at Libertys; Jenners, Edinburgh

Take last year's dress, add layers of different coloured net and you have a

RAINBOW BALLERINA

It is an axiom that evening dresses never die, they only hang in the wardrobe, their tour of duty done. Here is a quick and easy way of completely transforming almost any evening dress, short or long, full skirted or slim, décolleté or covered up

THE foundation of any good quality evening dress can be given a face-lift by the simple and inexpensive method of using cross-way frills.

The one shown is of moiré with a plain bodice and full skirt. The bottom edge was covered with a 10-in. strip of net folded and stitched to the dress along the raw edges. Easing may be necessary every 2 or 3 ins., but this, of course, depends on the fullness of the skirt.

The rest of the skirt is stitched with 20-in. *crossway* strips folded in half lengthways and stitched to the skirt at differing intervals. You must plan your own colour scheme and the set of the flounces, but it doesn't matter whether your foundation is straight or bias-cut—the principle remains the same.

The bodice used the ends of the long frills; the folded top was stitched to allow about ½ in. to stand up above the top of the foundation; the raw edges were stitched at the waistline and any extra material in the depth gathered into folds and lightly stitched to the bodice.

Any left-over pieces went to make the sash, which needs to be as long as possible. Twelve yards of 54-in.-wide net were used, 8 of one colour and 4 of contrasting colour. If you are using many shades, you will need more material, as you must then allow for waste.

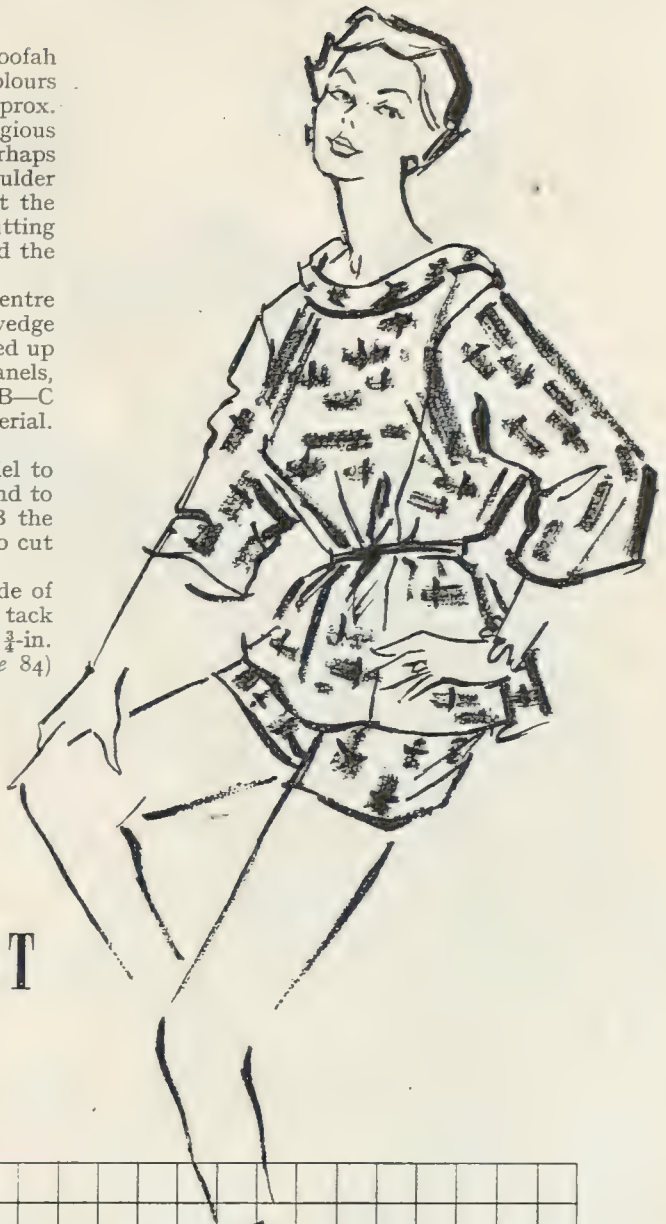
Illustrations by BARBARA HARRIS

TO make up the tunic and shorts we chose a sprightly Loofah cotton by Marchington because of its firm texture. The colours are blue, yellow and black on a white ground (price approx. 8s. 3d. per yd.), but any gay combination will do. The prodigious fullness of the tunic means that it will fit anybody except perhaps the fat woman at the circus. The length from the top of the shoulder to the hem is 27 ins. The shorts are for a 26–28-in. waist, but the pattern can be adjusted to fit up to a 30-in. waist. (Note : the cutting diagram for the tunic is inset into the diagram for the shorts, and the scale of the two patterns of course isn't the same.)

Now, for making the tunic. First cut a straight piece for the centre front and back panels 15 ins. wide and 60 ins. long, using the selvedge down one long side. The other side of the material is now folded up 30 ins. from the end and from this you will cut one of the sleeve panels, following diagram II, thus : mark off with pins A—B (22 ins.); B—C (8 ins.). C—D (19 ins.), this last coming along the fold of the material. Now mark A—C (4 ins.), E—F (8 ins.), B—G (6½ ins.).

Cut a straight line from D—F. Mark E—H 19 ins. and parallel to D—F. Mark a curve with pins G—H. Cut along B—G, then round to H and on to E. This will form the underarm seam, with C—B the armhole. Open out this kite-shaped piece and use as a pattern to cut the second sleeve panel.

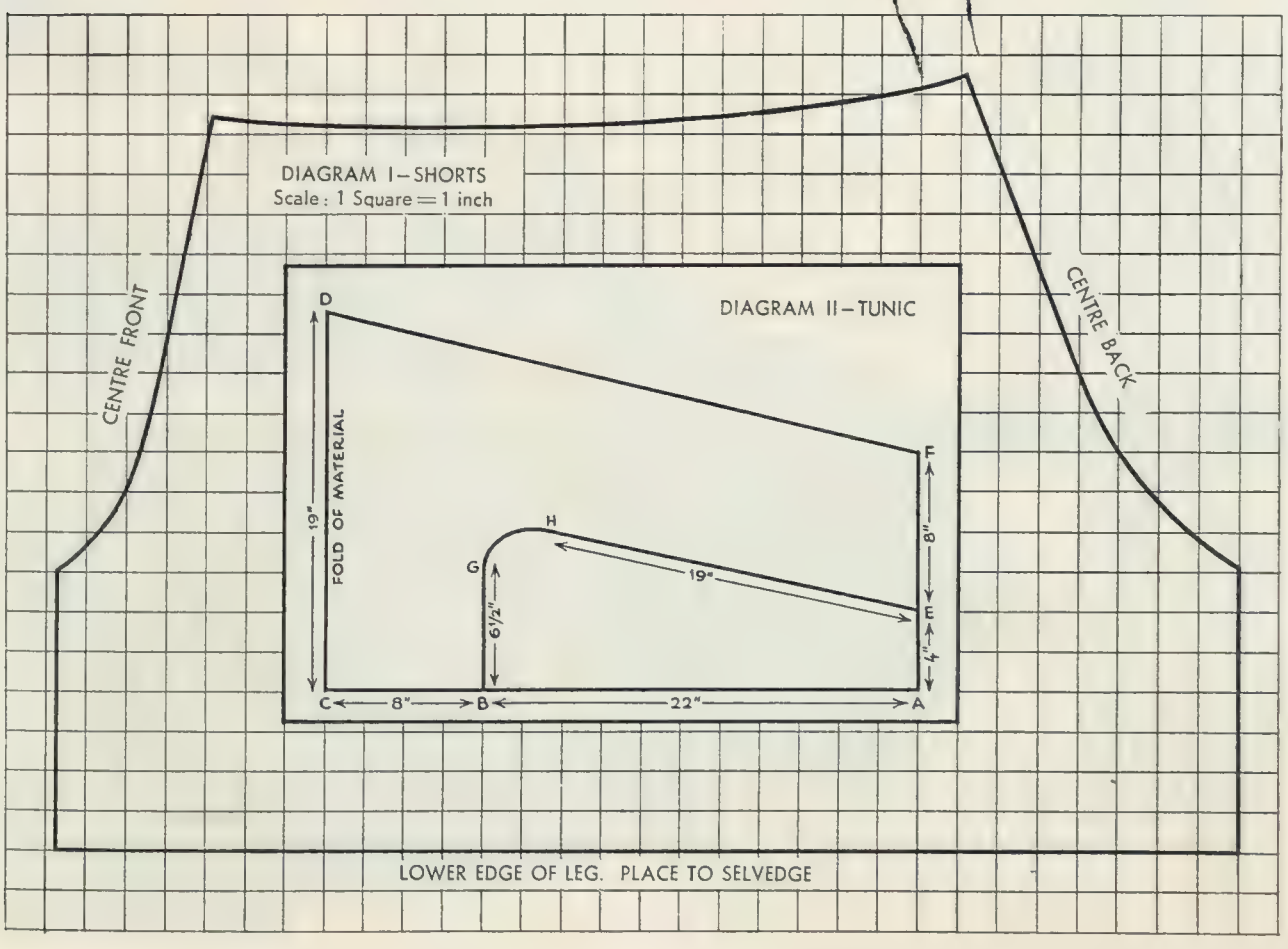
To make-up, pin one of the points D to centre of the 60-in. side of the centre panel. With right side of the material facing inwards, tack shaped edges either side of D to straight 60-in. length. Take ¾-in. trimmings and ease shaped edge slightly. (*Continued on page* 84)



3½ yds. of 36 in. cotton and a couple of evenings are enough to make this . . .

TWO-PIECE SUN SUIT

Designed by Vivien Ingham



Sweet Witness

By PETER DE POLNAY

Illustration by URQUHART

JAMES was a man whom nobody would have dared to call Jamie or Jimmy. James he was, and had been from childhood onward. In his own eyes he neared perfection, and in his mind he approached himself with hat in hand. It shouldn't, however, be thought he wasn't modest; for he practised all virtues including modesty.

He had been good at games at his school, achieved distinction at his university, had an excellent war record, and was a good debater in the House of Commons. He saw no reason why the post of a junior minister shouldn't soon come his way. He was a hard-working barrister and bachelor of means, and it now seemed to him that he wouldn't remain a bachelor for long.

It was a stuffy summer evening, and he left his motor outside a large block of flats in Chelsea. He locked the doors, and went slowly into the building. He waited for the lift to come down, and the lift came down with a woman and two children. He gave the children the sort of friendly and encouraging smile which, he was certain, children asked for. He went up in the lift, then rang the bell of a flat on the fourth floor. He waited with a little smile; the smile broadened as the door opened.

"Hallo, Peggy," he said.

"Come in, James," she said.

It was a pleasant flat overlooking the river, a tug pulling two barges was approaching the bridge. He watched the tug and the barges, watched them deliberately—he was a deliberate person.

"Will you have a drink?" asked Peggy.

"A whisky and soda, please," he said, turning round. "My one and only whisky and soda of the day." He sat down in an arm chair. "Well, the great vacation has begun in the House," he said, "though not for me."

"I wish you'd learn to relax," said Peggy.

"No, darling, I never relax. It's better like that, especially now. By the time the House reassembles we'll be married. How wonderful."

"I can hardly believe it," said Peggy, bringing him his drink.

She was tall, fair and had dark eyes. She had married at the end of the war, her husband was killed a few days before V-Day, and she missed him for a long time. If she had wanted it her widowhood would have been brief, but first she had felt like never wanting to look at any man again, then came Eddie, poor, impossible Eddie. Still, it was all over and she knew that James would give her peace and security which she couldn't have found with Eddie. She admired James for his strength of character, his will power, and integrity. He was born to be the right husband for any woman he chose. She sat down beside him. He took her hand and held it. His was a gentle hold.

"We should get married around the first of September," said James. "You choose the date, darling."

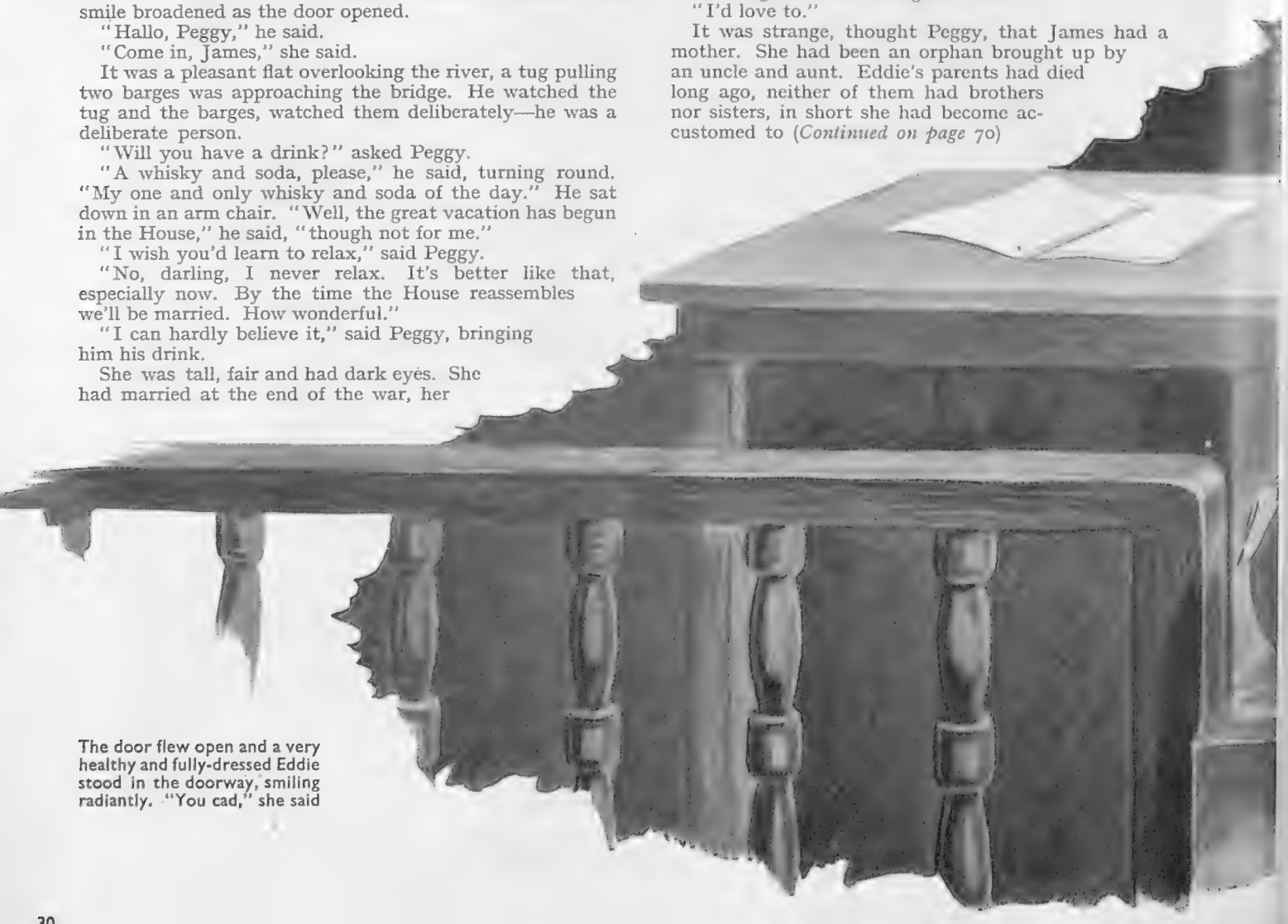
"The first of September?"

"Let it be the first of September," said James. She withdrew her hand from his to take a cigarette from the packet lying on the table. He took his gold lighter from his waistcoat pocket and lit the cigarette.

"I should like you to spend a few days with my mother in Suffolk," said James. "She is very much looking forward to meeting her future daughter-in-law."

"I'd love to."

It was strange, thought Peggy, that James had a mother. She had been an orphan brought up by an uncle and aunt. Eddie's parents had died long ago, neither of them had brothers nor sisters, in short she had become accustomed to (*Continued on page 70*)



The door flew open and a very healthy and fully-dressed Eddie stood in the doorway, smiling radiantly. "You cad," she said

that had put an end to it . . .

Collecting china, fascinating in any form,

gains in interest when the search is

narrowed down to one particular series

China families . .

Each figure here is a member of a "family." Top: Court Hairdresser from a series of four, next, "Autumn" from the Four Seasons, both Derby china. Left: one of The Thirty-six Cries of Paris, Meissen, and below, one of the Five Senses, Dresden

IN 1745, one of the craftsmen at the Dresden china factory made a series of portrait figures in china of the conductor and the twenty-one musicians of the Dresden orchestra. The experiment was not successful, not surprisingly as the little figures were scarcely five inches tall, so with a typical quirk of the eighteenth century genius, he turned them into monkeys and created the Dresden china monkey orchestra.

The whole orchestra today is rarely assembled and the owner of a complete set of conductor and twenty-one instrumentalists, in the original Dresden version or an early English copy, has a possession which collectors would envy. Single figures turn up here and there in expected and unexpected places and the search for the missing first violin or flautist can lead to obscure junk shops in the suburbs and fashionable antique dealers anywhere in Europe.

Apart from the thrill of the hunt, there is always satisfaction in knowing that, so long as you do not pay a foolishly high price for any one piece, the complete set will immediately appreciate in value. As for prices, though the 1745 Dresden pieces will cost as much as £150 a figure, you can get later versions for around £10 each.

Though the monkey orchestra is perhaps the most famous, there are other and smaller series for which the same arguments hold good, such as the Four Seasons, the Five Senses and the Five Continents, made by many china factories including Derby, Rockingham, Chelsea, Bow and Dresden. Collecting a china "family" can provide endless entertainment and will give you a knowledge of china, not always learnt the hardest way.

"Europe," one of the Five Continents in Dresden china

Photographs by Deighton Wilkes

The conductor and thirteen of the twenty-one members of his monkey orchestra from the set made at Dresden in 1810. From the collection of Geoffrey Van of Beauchamp Place

Woman

by

MARJORIE RIDDELL

[Paramount photograph]

The hair's the same . . . the names are, *above*, Leslie Caron as Cinderella, star of "*The Glass Slipper*," and *right*, Audrey Hepburn, the first of the waifs, as herself

. . . hold sneak previews for the family

is a Waif

. . . peering round thin trees, in mist to the knees

. . . ready to say, "Oh!" in a startled manner

. . . protect this poor waif from the big, ugly world

THEY'VE just made a film of Cinderella, but they've given us more than a film; they've given us the new woman of 1955, the newest new look of all—the Waif.

Audrey Hepburn started it, and now it's the turn of France's Leslie Caron to touch our hearts as Cinderella in a film to be shown this summer—and from now on it's Cinderellas all.

You probably thought you were getting along nicely, all sophistication and poise and master of the olive stone at last; but that's old stuff now.

The new you will be helpless, wistful, fragile, and naïve, though at least you can take comfort from the fact that only the sophisticated can do this really well.

Anyway, there's no use arguing. The word has gone out—waifs we must be.

And, as a matter of fact, we've had plenty of warning. Other looks have been upon us before we realized it and become *passé* the next day, but Audrey Hepburn sprang her début some months ago. There's little excuse this time for the kind of woman who doesn't get around to being Marilyn Monroe until a week after she should have been Grace Kelly.

This time there were signs she should have read, prophecies she should have heeded, and if she has been wise she has already reconnoitred and prepared her ground; she has been practising Audrey Hepburns in front of her mirror, and she has held sneak previews for her friends and family. Or her family, at any rate. And now she should be ready for the launching.

Even if she hasn't been so wise, however, all is not lost. The Waif, now perpetuated by Leslie Caron, will probably be with us for quite a while and we all, no matter how reactionary and outspoken our families, have plenty of time in which to catch up.

For make no mistake, the Waif promises to be *the* woman not only of the day but of several days to come.

And her influence will probably be strong—enough, perhaps, to eradicate some of the Elizabeth Taylors who still appear round every corner and in nearly every pair of slacks. Maybe even strong enough to reach the occasional early Veronica Lake.

It might even do something for the diehard, the woman whom fashion passes by without attracting a single glance, the woman who goes about her business with not one thought for the changing world, and who wears her hair and her eyes exactly as she did twenty years ago, when she was ten.

The most important thing about the Waif is that general, overall appearance of fragility and wistfulness. And right away it becomes obvious that the whole thing is going to be much easier for some of us than for others, and that most of us are going to be among the others.

You'll have to work at it, there's no doubt of that. So learn to be fragile and wistful.

IT is best to be thin, provided you are not boney. Don't be boney. A man looking at a Waif should be thinking: "I must protect this poor little thing from the big, ugly world that I helped to make, oh shame on me," and not, "Great heavens, she needs a good square meal."

If, however, you are frankly plump, or even surreptitiously plump, don't be discouraged. You will be a *different* kind of Waif, it's true, but that doesn't matter. Or at any rate it's better than not being in the swim at all, isn't it?

The hair is combed straight and flat over the head like a cap and chopped off above the brows. It must look as though you've done it yourself between, or even during, bouts with a dustpan and broom, and only a really expert hairdresser can achieve this effect.

It you attempt it yourself you run the risk of emerging an Urchin, and Urchins went out about two years ago.

The eyes must be enormous. Make your eyes enormous. With thick, thick eyebrows. (*Continued on page 79*)

OUR SPECIAL OFFER—A top couturier's advice on what to wear.

If You Ask Me . . .

CLEAR gold sunshine, however cold and sharp the wind may be, has an immediate and startling effect on us all. It gives every man, woman and animal, as far as that goes, a sudden urge to spruce themselves for the coming spring and summer. Hearts and minds are full of dreams and high hopes for long gay days in the country under sunny skies.

Animals are quite the luckiest because nature directs an inborn sense of correctness that they cannot disobey, so their coats become glossy with well-being. Men are lucky, for so little in the way of change is offered them that they can make few mistakes in dress, but women, poor souls, are the willing victims of an army of fashion designers, writers and advisers, I being one of them but with a kind heart.

Thousands of fashion photographs and sketches appear in the press. I talked of these before—some are good, some madly unsuitable for the "woman in the street," naturally the respectable kind. Many are as disappointing in reality as the pretty pictures on the outsides of seed packets—some

Ask Michael Sherard about the clothes that are best for YOU

Fill in the coupon on page 78 and get the free chart showing the fashion lines best suited to your own proportions

lownright crazy, such as the filleted girls we have seen illustrated, who look as if they have been banged in the back with a shopping bag or flattened in front by a collision with a bus.

You may have noticed, by the way, some extraordinary expressions and even strange attitudes taken by some of the girls as they are being photographed as if something nameless and rather nasty had just happened out of the picture.

I travel most weekends from Waterloo Station, latish on Saturday afternoons, and it was there, I saw in the flesh (or should I say on the flesh) the first of the outfits, which I took as being what an average pretty girl would wear this spring.

Of course, I look in shop windows as I go by, but as I am always in a hurry or late like the White Rabbit in Alice, I had only glanced and seen a few of the clothes the stores are offering as current fashion. As one passes quickly, they all look rather meaningless, like a phrase out of its context. When I have the time, I look and wonder who will buy the clothes, what they will look like in them and where they will be worn eventually. Some are so good and some so very odd. Then I think of my mother, a very tolerant woman, who has always said "It takes all sorts to make a world," and my father, who adds : "All shapes and sizes."

But back to Waterloo Station to my advance fashion girl who (no doubt you have guessed) was a young and charming bride "going away." But why, oh why, does she wear such an impossible "get up," when she could have looked so enchanting. She is breaking one of the most important rules of dressing, that of being suitably clad for the occasion. We shall forgive her on this once for she looks as if she has just woken up and realized that somehow she is not quite right. People are looking—could it be that everybody loves a bride? or are they, unhappy thought, only looking because she has chosen the wrong clothes to travel in. Are her women friends to blame for advising her to wear that difficult shade of pink, or is it the hat that is wrong, a copy, it seemed to me, of one worn by her favourite film star in the Trial Scene !

WELL, what am I leading up to? Just this, that the very important first lesson in dressing is learning to choose and wear clothes suitable to our way of life and that of our friends. To my mind, trying to outshine the people about us is like cruelty to animals, unforgivable.

Every well-dressed woman I know, has learned the value of understatement. When she enters a room people will think how well turned out she looks, and after a while they will wonder *where* the secret lies. I can tell you. It lies in perfect grooming, and in the fact that everything she wears has reason and thought behind it. Nothing is superfluous.

Just what is grooming? Let me put it this way : Old and even shabby clothes will never draw (*Continued on page 76*)

...by Michael Sherard

Two Erika Harrison handknit models are deceptively not difficult to make, both featuring the fashion trends of Summer 1955, one in red and grey fleck, the other in Dior's favourite pink

Photograph by David Olins

The latest fashion trends in hand knits . . . the longer line . . . the tweed effect . . . are here presented in two models for you to make for the Spring and early Summer. . . .

THE "TWEED" JUMPER

Materials: 6 (7, 7) oz. in main colour and 5 (6, 6) oz. in contrasting colour Sirdar Majestic 2-ply wool; 1 pair No. 11, 1 pair No. 12 needles; 4 buttons. Instructions are for 34-in., 36-in., 38-in. bust, larger sizes appearing in brackets thus: 34 (36, 38). Length, 22¾ (23, 23¼) ins. Sleeve, 6 ins. Tension 7½ sts. and 10 rows to 1 in., using double wool. Abbreviations for both patterns: k. = knit; p. = purl; st(s.) = stitch, stitches; st.st. stocking stitch; inc. = increase; dec. = decrease; rep. = repeat.

THE FRONT

*With No. 12 needles and using 1 strand each of Main and Contrasting colour, cast on 144 (152, 160) sts.

Work 1½ ins. in reverse st.st. (p. 1 row, k. 1 row).

Change to No. 11 needles.—Continue in reverse st.st. until front measures 8½ ins. from cast on edge, ending with a k. row.

Make buttonholes in the next 2 rows as follows :

Next row.—P. 32 (35, 37), cast off 6, p. 6 including st. already on the needle, cast off 6, p. 44 (46, 50), including st. already on the needle, cast off 6, p. 6 including st. already on the needle, cast off 6, p. to end.

In the next row cast on 6 sts. over those cast off on the preceding row.

Work until front measures 16½ ins. from cast on edge, ending with a k. row.

Shape Armholes.—Cast off 4 (5, 6) sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at each end of the next row, and then every (*Continued on page 74*)

In The A-LINE *of* FASHION

THE PINK JUMPER

Materials: 7 (7, 8) oz. Golden Eagle Polynit, 3-ply wool; 1 pair No. 11, 1 pair No. 8 knitting needles. The instructions are to fit a 34-in., 36-in. and 38-in. bust; larger sizes appearing in brackets thus, 34 (36, 38). Length from back of neck 23 (23½, 24) in. Tension, 8 sts. and 10 rows to 1 in., measured over stocking stitch, 6 sts. and 8 rows to 1 in., measured over pattern, using double wool.

THE FRONT

*With No. 11 needles cast on 132 (140, 148) sts.

Work in st.st.

Work 6 rows.

Dec. 1 st. at each end of the next row, and then every following 6th row until there are 114 (122, 130) sts. left.

Work straight until front measures 6½ ins. from cast on edge, ending with a p. row.

Inc. 1 st. at each end of the next row, and then every following 6th row until there are 138 (146, 154) sts.

Work straight until front measures 13¾ (14, 14¼) ins. from cast on edge, ending with a p. row.

Commence Sleeves.—Inc. 1 st. at each end of the next row, and then every alternate row until there are 148 (156, 164) sts., and then 1 st. at each end of every 6th row until there are 164 (172, 180) sts.

Work straight until front measures 19¾ (20¼, 20¾) ins. from cast on edge ending with a p. row.*

Shape Top Sleeves and (*Continued on page 74*)

Photograph by Chaloner Woods

All the A-line features . . . narrow shoulders, long waist and hip emphasis . . . in a summer sweater designed to wear with a soft, full skirt, in Taiho acetate Shantung by Cyril Lord. Skirt by Estrava; matching beret by Dolores; gloves by Fownes

Painting by Lucien Lowen

To the enthusiast, cacti are to the plant world what abstract art is to Impressionism; to others, they are nature's grotesques, except for the brief moment when they flower, and then they are rival to the orchid in their exotic blooms

FLOWERS of the NIGHT

By LUCIEN LOWEN

"WHO can but marvell at the rare and singular workmanship which the Lord God almightie hath shewed in this thistle. . . ." Thus Gerarde, the botanist, describes a species of cacti from the West Indies in *The Herball Or Generall Historie Of Plantes* in 1596. The enthusiastic cactus-lover of today who fills window sill and shelves with these strange-looking plants, armed with conspicuous spikes, must feel very much the same.

Cacti are almost exclusively of American origin and sailors brought the first examples to Europe in the Sixteenth century. Mexico, Arizona, Lower California, Texas and South America below the tropics yield most of the species. They are at home in the arid deserts, can resist the blaze of a scorching sun and survive drought.

It might well be that this stubborn survival in the face of neglect has endeared them to the collector. There is an undercurrent of admiration for the hardy, resistant cactus, so tolerant of ill-treatment, so grotesque in shape, almost ugly, all spikes and bristles and frugality. And yet the cactus will reward the cactus-lover, not only by living on, not only by its strange fantastic form, but by producing flowers of a rare beauty, flowers that can rival orchids in shape and brilliance of colour, even if all this splendour lasts only a matter of days.

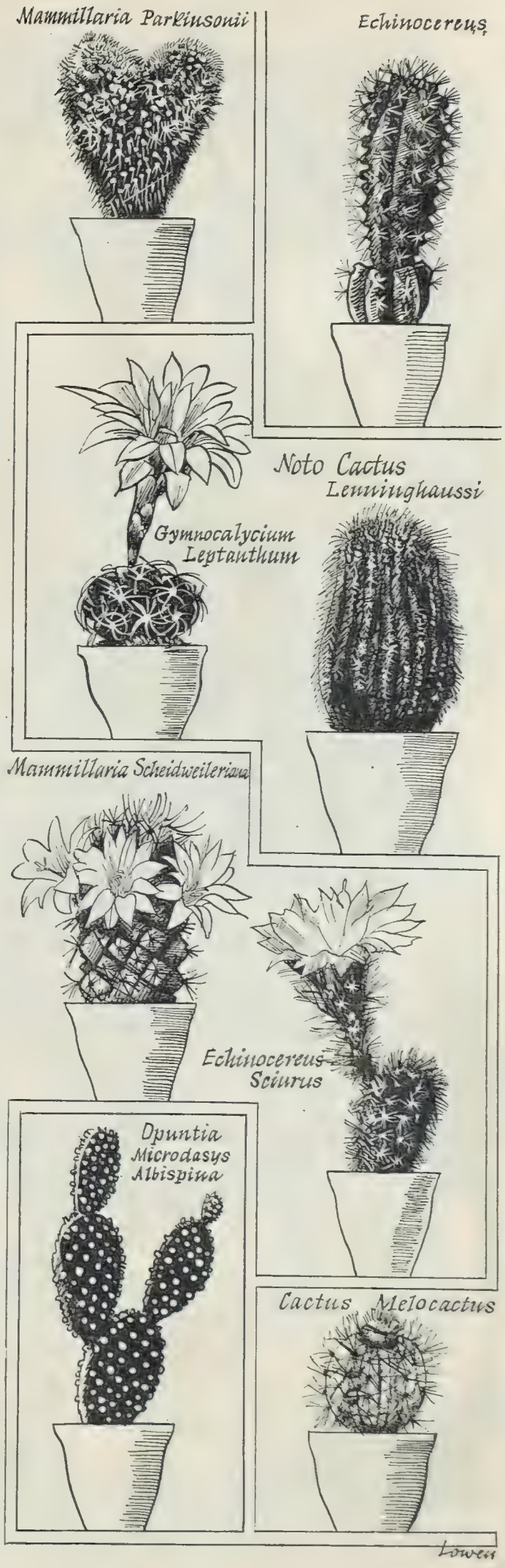
Flowers are white or purple, yellow, pink, scarlet or pale violet, often with a fine metallic sheen. The largest and finest flowers of the Cactaceae are mostly nocturnal and display their glory in the dark hours of night, only to droop and fade away at dawn. About 1830 when something like the first cactus cult began, wealthy amateurs invited their friends to watch this rare event.

With regard to methods of cultivation one must have in mind that most of the well known species like *Opuntieae* and *Cereanae* come from arid regions where fungi are unknown. Therefore all decaying matter or any other matter which is liable to decay should be removed from the soil. Stiff loam, broken brick, sharp sand and charcoal crushed to about the size of a pea are recommended by experts. The presence of stagnant humidity is bound to lead to disaster. Manure, can be used, provided that it is in a powdery condition and two or three years old and has lost the power of fermentation. Cacti should be repotted at least every two years. March and April, just before the plants begin to grow again, is considered as the best time.

Rainwater, if obtainable, is best for watering. During the growing months from April to August Cacti like a fair supply. Watering is best done early in the morning before the plants have had time to become heated by the sun. Less moisture is required in September and October, and from November to March, during the entire period of rest, watering once a month is sufficient. They are able to exist a long time on the nourishment stored up in their stems.

Cacti can be grown from seed but the seedlings of some species grow very slowly especially in many species of *Rebutia, Lobivia, Echinopsis*, etc., and therefore propagation by cuttings and offsets or grafting gives quicker results.

There are many cacti specialists in different parts of the country. The examples of plants on these pages are from Richelle, Baker Street Station, London, N.W.1.



Dog's Chance

It was plainly in the will – forty thousand pounds for looking after the dog – but where was he?

By YVONNE SEAGER

Illustrations by BERTOGLIO

YESTERDAY, I took over the managing directorship of Burford's Butter Biscuits. My office is furnished with a desk worthy of statesmen : and my secretary brings me tea on a silver tray. No, I am not (at twenty-six) remarkable for my push or brilliance : I'm just lucky. My father-in-law decided he wanted more time to devote to golf, and handed over the reins.

My wife, Elizabeth, is the brains behind the business (and behind she insists on remaining), I am merely large and fairly presentable. My son, who is one, and at the moment known as Fatness, samples all the biscuits Liz will let him.

No, Mr. Burford didn't object to our marriage. He was used to Liz having her own way, anyhow. He seemed relieved that I had a degree in economics and rather a conventional upbringing. He said he was sick of young men with no chins and strawberry leaves who were after Liz's money, and I'd better go through the works from scratch. My friends made horrid puns about a biscuit business being a slice of cake, and crumbs from the rich man's table—but they're jealous. I've got Liz and the biscuits, and that's the order in which I value them.

How did I come to marry Elizabeth Burford—publicised as the Only Deb With Brains—I, son of the curator of an obscure county museum? I'll tell you. I set out to steal a dog, and got run over. Moreover, it was the wrong dog.

That summer I came down from Oxford, I was living at home for cheapness, and coaching a lagging thirteen-year-old in maths, and I had no worries in the world beyond the deposit for a new motor bike . . . when George Dawes died.

George Dawes was an acquaintance, not a crony, of my father's. Old Dad knew everyone for miles around. If he got a chance, he'd corner you among the showcases and lecture you about flints, mono-

liths and Roman remains till you bought a booklet just to escape. He's the only man I know who ever got threepence out of George Dawes alive.

We lived in a flat over the museum in the High Street, and Dawes lived at the Grange, with a series of housekeepers whom he bullied, and an occasional relative braving his tempers with an eye to the main chance. The old man was rich (by inheritance, I never heard he added a penny to the pile) and he had a lot of relatives. They all came down to the funeral, and looked daggers at one another.

Old Dawes had the last laugh of them. He left a will bequeathing his all (less expenses and a small legacy to the museum, so that Dad's account of him is biased, nowadays) to the relative who'd look after his dog for its lifetime.

Hardly had the lawyer finished reading, than all the relatives declared how fond they were of animals, particularly dogs, and how they happened to be on the lookout for one to take home. . . . There was nearly a stampede to look for the old man's dog. I know the Grange well, having often trespassed there as a boy, and I thought of all these people with their funeral clothes, and their tears half-dry, tearing about the stables and outbuildings, calling and whistling, like some nightmare treasure hunt.

Nobody found the dog, of course. It ran away the day before the funeral.

WE locals were still grinning over the story, when I was approached by Mr. and Mrs. Blenkinsop, who offered me ten pounds to find the dog for them. They reasoned that I must have seen it about in Mr. Dawes's lifetime. It was a mongrel, variously described as grey, yellow, stone-coloured . . . long-tailed, thick set, like a greyhound, like a poodle, not unlike a setter. . . . Blenkinsop was a middle-aged nephew of old Dawes,

and Dad said at once he was a pompous ass, but I was young and broke, and the whole ridiculous affair was rather a challenge.

"And bring it back alive," he warned. "We live in Kensington——"

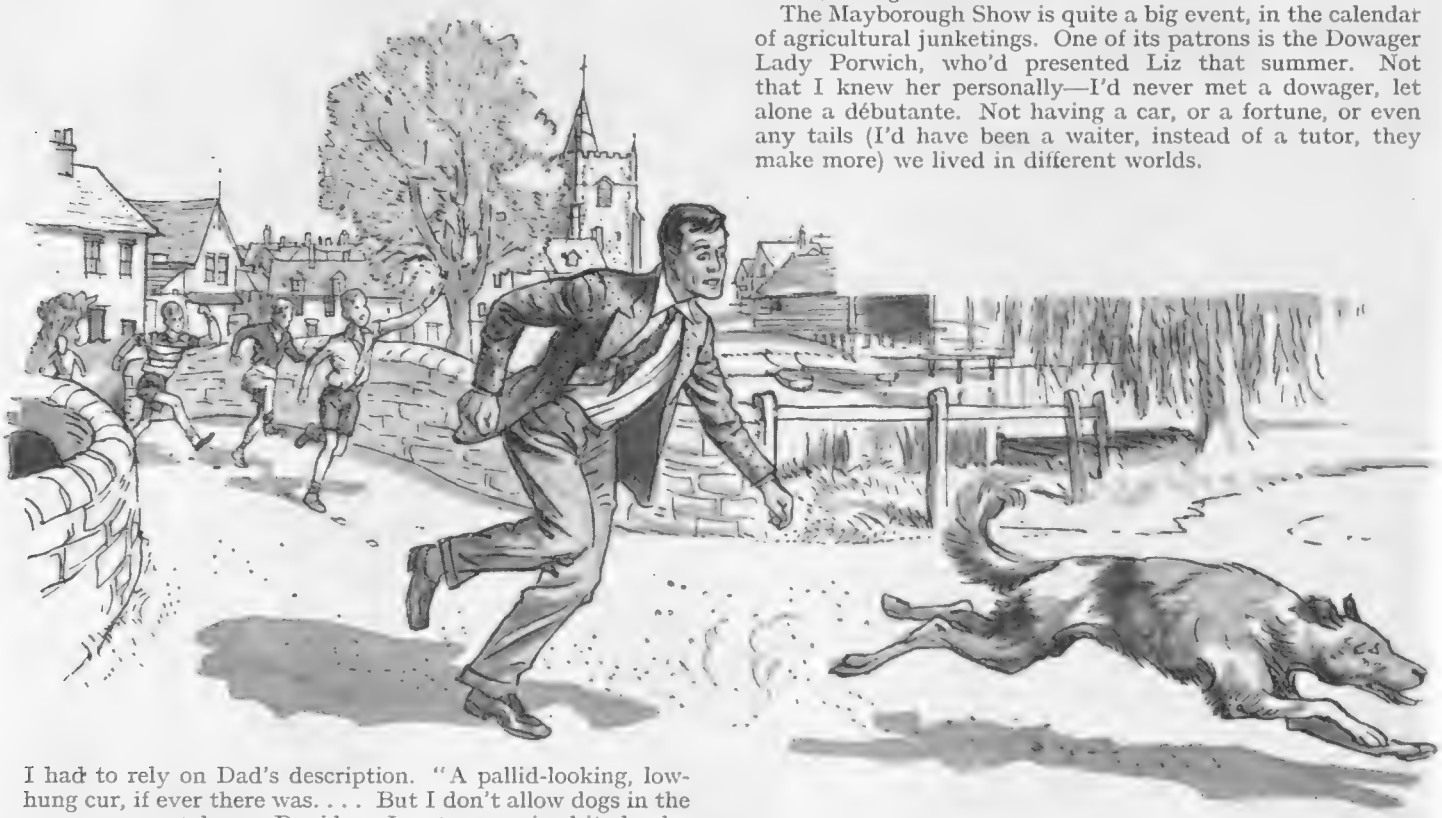
"South Kensington," insisted Mrs. Blenkinsop. "Though we've only a small flat——"

"I take it you know my uncle George's dog, hey, young man, because——"

"Because it was rather a special dog, wasn't it?" suggested his wife. "I mean, we wouldn't want just any dog in the flat. Uncle's dog would be different." She was trying to say it would be different to the tune of nearly forty thousand pounds. I understood.

I assured them both that I knew the dog intimately. I recalled a couple of anecdotes illustrating its courage and intelligence. It was only pointing out that the goose that laid the golden egg had pretty feathers, and was house-trained as well. They were determined to live with it, even if it went mad and bit them both.

As a matter of fact, I didn't know their dog from Bonzo.



I had to rely on Dad's description. "A pallid-looking, low-hung cur, if ever there was. . . . But I don't allow dogs in the museum as you know, David, so I never examined it closely. Poor old Dawes!" I could see my father was already jingling the legacy in his pocket. Should it be central heating, or new showcases, or perhaps the cataloguing that had already taken him ten years. . . .

"Concentrate, Dad. Do you mean morally low? Or low on its legs? How pale?"

"Mean in spirit, I suppose. Thwarted, rather . . . like a vassal king in a triumph. They never bought it food."

As my father regularly played chess with the man who kept the only pets' shop in the village, this was probably accurate, but it didn't help. He didn't really know its colour, size or habits at all.

I thought I was well placed for tracing a lost dog. I know the country like the back of my hand, and I could pump the locals unsuspected. So I talked to Charlie Watt about his pigs.

Charlie was mournful. His pigs had reached the maximum weight three weeks before the time for killing, and he was feeding them now at a loss. From pigs and ministries, we got on to funerals. And, of course, to Dawes.

"Didn't enjoy it, and couldn't take it with him!" Charlie spat, expertly, on horny Sussex hands. "Leaving it to a durned dog. And a durned wolf pack looking for the dog——"

"Silly, isn't it? Any of 'em been round here?"

"About a dozen. Giving me half-crowns to remember seeing a dog——"

"But had you seen it, Charlie?"

"For half a crown I seen a dog or two. And for five bob a stray cow. Shouldn't be surprised if I saw a lion for a quid!"

I couldn't afford Charlie's scale of fees, so I left him. I was pretty sure he hadn't seen it. He'd have kept it, and offered to sell it back, if he had.

I GOT on to Mrs. Sweeting, next. She was the last housekeeper old Dawes had, and I gathered they gave each other notice twice a week, about. "Fond of the dog? No, I wasn't. And no more was he. I don't blame it running away. Talk about a dog's life! And that's not the only thing. . . ."

I left her and her complaints, and did some quiet thinking. Where do stray dogs go in the country? There's no dogs' home. People don't steal strays. If it turns killer, it might be shot, but then you'd hear. . . . Few people would give a home to an ugly, hungry, grown-up mongrel.

"A child might. Children are outposts of charity." It was Dad's suggestion, of course. He also pointed out that the Mayborough Show next week included a Peculiar Dog competition, and if the dog were that peculiar, and anyone had it, it might well be entered.

The Mayborough Show is quite a big event, in the calendar of agricultural junketings. One of its patrons is the Dowager Lady Porwich, who'd presented Liz that summer. Not that I knew her personally—I'd never met a dowager, let alone a débutante. Not having a car, or a fortune, or even any tails (I'd have been a waiter, instead of a tutor, they make more) we lived in different worlds.

There was a lot of noise, and children, and trampled grass, and the sort of leisurely excitement that pervades these shows. They're not as high-geared and expensive as a fairground, you have more time to bump into people you know, and it doesn't cost anything to stare. They were judging poultry when I got there, and the sun was comfortably hot. I nodded to the ambulance men—my juniors at school—they were enjoying a quiet cigarette behind their tent, waiting for customers.

The dog show was advertised for later, so I ate cakes and lemonade in a tent, to pass the time. I was trying to plan my campaign. If I saw my dog, I could hardly grab it and walk off. And if I told the truth, whoever had the dog now, would want to take it to the Blenkinsops and claim the reward. I looked round for an ally.

THERE were some girls behind the draped trestles, selling cakes and pouring tea. They were all young and pretty, except that their faces, like the cakes' icing, were shaded a sort of khaki green by the canvas. They were, of course, the volunteers. I wondered what would happen if someone left them threepence under a saucer. . . .

I tried the tallest. "Can you tell me anything about the dog show, please."

(*Continued on page 82*)

SPRING READING

. . . by TREVOR ALLEN

Donald Wolfit (*top left*) has written a good, straight autobiography in *First Interval*. In the grand, spacious manner is *Sara Dane*, a romance of early Australia, by Catherine Gaskin

SINCE May is lilac-time, shall we recall a wicket-gate covered with the fragrant bloom in a side-road skirting Vienna's Schönbrunn palace in the past century? Early every morning the Emperor Franz Joseph would pass through it, cross to Frau Katharina Schratt's house opposite, stay for breakfast and sometimes lunch. This companionship with the former actress of the Hofburg Theatre endured for the rest of his life, and the strange thing is that it was fostered by the ill-fated Empress Elizabeth because she felt that he needed a feminine influence she, who disliked the restraints of court and yearned to travel, could no longer wield.

"May you be for my lonely husband that which I never could be myself!" she told Kathi on leaving. "Be to him as good a friend as you have been to me!" Kathi fulfilled the trust with no wish for rank, title, or other honours, and as an old woman—she died in 1940—joined some Schönbrunn tourists, stole apart to the lilac gate, inserted the key that still hung about her neck, but found the lock rusted, useless. . . . Joachim von Kürenberg, who knew her for twenty-three years, tells her romantic story in "**A Woman of Vienna**" (Cassell; 21s.), translated by Lieut.-Colonel H. T. Russell: a mirror of a friendship, and an era, that enchanted me.

Another memoir not to be missed is Dorothy Margaret Stuart's "**Dearest Bess**" (Methuen; 21s.), about Lady Elizabeth Foster, daughter of the Earl of Bristol and Bishop of Derry, who became the mistress of the 5th Duke of Devonshire and (*Continued on page 76*)

Gardening trio this month covers everything from the "how-to-do-it" to the needs of the plant specialist

IN these spring months when everyone's fancy turns to thoughts of growing things, three excellent books have put in an appearance, published by Ward Lock. *A Handbook of British Flowering Plants*, edited by A. Melderis and E. B. Bangerter (63s.), is a work of reference for both field and library, with a Recognition Key to help the amateur botanist identify specimens, and an explanation of technical terms. Its 24 colour plates and more than 210 line drawings were largely drawn from life.

Mr. A. Edwards, who was formerly in charge of the rock garden at Kew, has revised his original work, *Rock Gardens* (30s.), to make it even more comprehensive and practical. Illustrated with both colour and black-and-white photographs and provided with a helpful index at the back, it covers every aspect of this fascinating phase of gardening.

All About Gardening, edited by G. H. Preston is, as the title implies, an explanation of the "how-to-do-it" side of gardening, and where the written word is not sufficient to illustrate a particular series of operations, instructive diagrams are included. Everything from the nature of soils to the garden pest should answer the questions of any gardener, whether in the amateur or expert class. Price 15s.

Odhams' Encyclopaedia of Needlecraft Illustrated
PLAIN SEWING · DRESSMAKING · ACCESSORIES
EMBROIDERY · LACE MAKING · KNITTING · CROCHET
SOFT FURNISHING · MENDING · TOY MAKING

"ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF NEEDLECRAFT" (Odhams; 18s.) contains everything you want to know about successful home-needlecraft in a simple A-to-Z arrangement of subjects. Planned and written by a team of six practical experts, it is divided into ten self-contained sections, each covering in detail a particular aspect of needlework.

An apron in crisp and washable gingham. The embroidery, which at first glance could be smocking, is, in fact, cross stitch, seen in the detail inset

Variations on an Apron String

Red organdie with a trimming of white rick-rack braid outlining the heart-shaped bib and pocket edges

Instructions for making these two aprons are given on page 83

MASTERPIECES

Tenth in our series of the great classic novels is Victor Hugo's tragic Mediæval romance

SWINBURNE, an ardent admirer of Victor Hugo's work, described *Notre Dame de Paris* as " the greatest of all tragic romances." " It has," he wrote in his study of Hugo, " a Grecian perfection of structure, with a Gothic intensity of pathos. . . . Terror and pity, with eternal fate for keynote to the strain of story, never struck deeper to men's hearts."

Hugo was only twenty-nine when *Notre Dame* was published. The prodigious amount of historical research he undertook for background material to the book influenced him to such an extent that he had the room in which he wrote remodelled in the " Gothic " manner, and after long sessions of work in a specially carved " Gothic " chair, he would take a walk along the banks of the Seine in order to see " his " Cathedral.

The brutal realism with which Hugo has described the fifteenth-century scene in Notre Dame is perhaps not to current tastes, and some to-day would consider the plot melodramatic and contrived. But the psychological conflict of the Archdeacon Frollo and the pathos of the Hunchback who has become the adopted emblem of Paris retrieve the novel for the modern reader.

" NOTRE DAME " was written as an attack on religious bigotry " rank with fumes of blood and loud with cries of torment, which covers in so many quarters the history, not romantic but actual, of the ages called ages of faith." Hugo was himself a champion of freedom. His Republican convictions and outspoken defence of the freedom of political thought could result only in trouble. After a public attack on " the dry guillotine," as he described the penalty of transportation for political offences, he was forced to flee the country at the *coup d'état* of Napoleon III. in 1851. His safe escape was due entirely to Juliette Drouet, an ex-actress and courtesan, whom Hugo had decided to redeem by the extraordinary means of confining her in a little flat which he alone was allowed to visit.

If Hugo's treatment of Juliette Drouet shows one side of his obsessively egotistic nature, her devotion to him through nineteen years of exile in Guernsey proves the power of his personality. Some of his best verse and prose was written during exile, and in 1870 at the convening of the Third Republic he returned in triumph to Paris to take his place again in French literature and politics.

The Hunchback of Notre Dame

Illustrations by MIDDLEHURST

"ON the 6th of January 1482 the Parisians were awakened by the noise of all the bells within the triple circuit of the City, the University, and the Town ringing in full peal." It was the day of the Feast of Fools, celebrated as "one day of uncontrolled licence" by the citizens of Paris since "time immemorial," as a reaction against tyranny and taxation, for in those lawless times, to show a light after curfew meant a flogging, petty thieves were hanged, women were fined for wearing too much finery, a host of *seigneurs* extorted taxes, and the shadow of their "most dread lord," King Louis XI., fell over all France.

Long before dawn, people were elbowing their way towards the traditional places of free entertainment, but the biggest crowd collected in the Palais de Justice to watch the performance of a mystery play, the work of an obscure poet, Pierre Gringoire by name. The performance, however, was interrupted, and its author had the bitter humiliation of seeing his audience desert his play in favour of a

Captain Phœbus snatched Esmeralda from the hunchback's grasp and lifted her to his saddle

Esmeralda drew a small dagger from the folds of her dress to defend herself against the advances of her newly-wedded husband

" grinning match " which was to decide who was to be elected Pope's Fool for the day.

Of all " the strange visages that came one after the other " at the grinning competition, there was one more hideous than the rest. When the crowd recognised " that horseshoe mouth, that small left eye, while the right disappeared entirely under an enormous wart," their " acclamation was unanimous."

" It 's Quasimodo," they shouted, " the hunchback bell-ringer of Notre Dame ! Quasimodo the one-eyed ! Quasimodo the bandy-legged ! "

There Quasimodo stood. " His whole person was a grimace ; between the shoulders an enormous hump, a framework of thighs, and legs, strangely gone astray, and yet, a certain gait, denoting vigour, agility and courage. A giant that had been broken and awkwardly mended." He was hoisted on the crowd's shoulders and " a sort of bitter and disdainful joy spread itself over the sullen face of the Cyclop when he beheld under his deformed feet all those heads of good-looking and well-shaped men."

HOW this ugly, yet pathetic monster became Ringer-General at Notre Dame goes back fifteen years to a small French provincial town, where a wanton, Gudule Paquette, had given birth to a beautiful daughter whom she loved dearly. The child was stolen by gipsies, who, in its place, left a mis-shapen boy four years old. Convinced that this was a punishment for her sins, the stricken mother made her way to Paris and suffered herself to be walled up for ever in a penitent's cell, called the Trou aux Rats, at the corner of the Place de Grève, living on scraps thrown to her by charitable passers-by through the barred window. She had left the boy exposed on the foundlings' bed outside Notre Dame, and Claude Frollo, the archdeacon, taking pity on the deformed child, adopted him and named him after the day on which he had been found, the

first Sunday after Easter, Quasimodo. The hunchback boy had grown up to become ringer-general of Notre Dame, and had lived so close to his cherished bells that their sound had shattered his ear-drums so that "he could hear no other voice but theirs." The largest bell, called "Marie," was his favourite, only to be rung on solemn occasions. Then, standing by his beloved "Marie," stroking her smooth flanks, he would shout to his assistants to begin, and when the bell was in full swing, "he would wait the next coming of the vast mass of metal and throw himself headlong upon it. Now, suspended over the abyss, borne to and fro by the formidable swinging of the bell, he seized the brazen monster by the ears."

When the crowd moved off in the Pope's Fool's procession, Pierre Gringoire, the author of the unacclaimed mystery play, was left penniless to walk the streets, not knowing where he was to sleep that night.

Darkness had fallen when Gringoire reached the Place de Grève, but there his spirits were cheered by a wonderful spectacle. In a space cleared in front of a blazing bonfire, a young girl was dancing. "Slender, fragile, brisk as a wasp in sunshine; with her bare shoulders, her black hair and her sparkling eyes, she looked like something more than human." It was Gringoire's first sight of La Esmeralda, the gipsy girl. When at last she stopped, exhausted, "Djali" she cried, and a little she-goat, "glossy, with gilt horns, gilt feet," came forward and performed incredible tricks. The crowd was delighted until, "There is witchcraft in all that!" cried a sinister voice suddenly. The voice came from a still figure in a dark cloak who had watched the dancing gipsy with "burning eyes" and "a face austere, calm and sombre."

Only Esmeralda took pity on the hunchback, and, mounting the pillory steps, she offered him water

Over her lover's shoulder, Esmeralda saw the sinister priest, his features twisted with passion, a dagger in his upraised hand

It was the archdeacon, Claude Frollo. The girl fled, terrified, and the homeless Gringoire, himself perturbed by the incident, followed her through a dark labyrinth of deserted courts and cut-throat alleys.

HE had walked for some time when he suddenly saw the gipsy girl struggling in the arms of two men, one darkly clad and slender, the other a giant. Rushing forward to help, he recognised the formidable Quasimodo, who dealt him a tremendous blow which sent the poet reeling in the mud. At that moment a horseman, a captain of the Watch, arrived, snatched the girl from Quasimodo's grasp, and while he lifted her to his saddle, his fifteen archers fell on the hunchback.

"Captain Phœbus de Chateaupers," said the handsome officer, naming himself to the frightened girl, but in a twinkling she had slipped down and run away, leaving him with the securely-bound hunchback but no trace of the second man.

When Gringoire came to, he wandered off once more, this time to fall among a crowd of beggars and thieves, Truands, as they called themselves, who were celebrating the Feast of Fools in their own fashion. He had been lured into their stronghold, the Cour des Miracles, and there the Truand "king" ordered him to be hanged forthwith for having the effrontery to enter their realm. "Unless," he said, "one of our women will accept you as her husband."

No one spoke, and Gringoire, with the noose round his neck, thought all was lost, when he heard a clear voice say, "I will take him." It was La Esmeralda.

She led him to her home, but although she offered her new husband a bed, she would not share it with him, believing that if she took a husband or a lover the amulet round her neck

would lose its magic power which would one day help her to find her unknown parents. She defended herself from his advances, and slipping past his grasp and with her little white goat, shut herself in the inner room, leaving Gringoire to pass the night alone.

THE following day, Quasimodo was dragged before the Court, where, in his deafness, he understood not a word of the accusation. The judge, himself deaf, thought Quasimodo was mocking him, and inflicted a savage sentence. The hunchback was taken to the Place de Grève, strapped to a wheel, turned slowly upon it and mercilessly flogged at each turn. Then he was pilloried for an hour, mocked, scorned and insulted by the crowd. In his agony, he cried out in a voice more like a dog's howl than a human voice, " Some drink ! " No one responded, except the gipsy girl, who ascended the steps " and unfastening a gourd bottle from her belt, she held it out to the poor wretch's parched lips."

This gesture of mercy Quasimodo was never to forget. In gratitude he made to kiss her hand, but she recoiled. As she withdrew, a shrill voice came from the corner of the Place, " Cursed thou, daughter of Egypt ! " It was the voice of Gudule, the woman recluse, cursing from her dreadful cell the gipsies who had stolen her child.

Quasimodo lifted the girl and leapt at one bound into the church

Some time later, the handsome and profligate Captain Phœbus arranged to meet Esmeralda, who had fallen in love with him, at the house of La Faloudel, the procuress. On the way, realising that he was being followed by " a walking statue, a petrified man " in a black cowl, he stopped, and " a hand fell upon Phœbus's arm with the force of an eagle's grip." It was the priest Frollo, who half-frightened, half-bribed the Captain into allowing him to accompany him to the meeting-place with Esmeralda.

There, concealed in an adjoining garret, the archdeacon watched Esmeralda and Phœbus. The gipsy girl was just about to submit to her lover when, behind her, she saw the sinister figure of the priest, who drew a dagger and stabbed the Captain. Esmeralda fainted and later revived to find herself in prison.

Accused of having herself stabbed the Captain, Esmeralda at first denied her guilt, but at last, under torture, she confessed not only to having killed Phœbus, but also to her " participation in love-feasts, sabbaths and sorceries of hell with wicked spirits, witches and hobgoblins." She was condemned to do public penance and afterwards to be hanged.

Thrown in a dark and foul dungeon, Esmeralda lost count of time, but at length a man in a black cloak entered.

" Who are you ? " she asked.

" Begone ! " cried Esmeralda. " Not hell itself shall unite us ! "

" A priest. Are you prepared for death ? " He raised his hood, and, terror-stricken, Esmeralda saw it was Frollo.

" The priest looked at her with the eye of a kite which had been hovering around a poor lark cowering in the corn, until it suddenly darts down like lightning upon its prey, and holds it panting between its talons."

" I love thee," he said, and went on to accuse the terrified Esmeralda of having thrown a spell upon him. In the hope of ridding himself of the spell, he had first tried to kidnap her, then, thwarted by Phœbus, he had framed her with the murder of her lover. But even now he could save her if only she would return his love.

But the young girl rushed upon him, a furious tigress. " Begone, monster ! begone, murderer ! Nothing shall unite us—not hell itself ! " she cried.

BUT Phœbus had not been killed, and now, recovered from his wounds, he was a witness when Esmeralda was brought to do penance before the cathedral. Her penance over, she was about to be taken back to the tumbril, when Quasimodo, the hunchback, " was seen to slide down that part of the cathedral façade like a drop (*Continued on page* 80)

" My daughter," moaned Gudule, clasping the girl to her

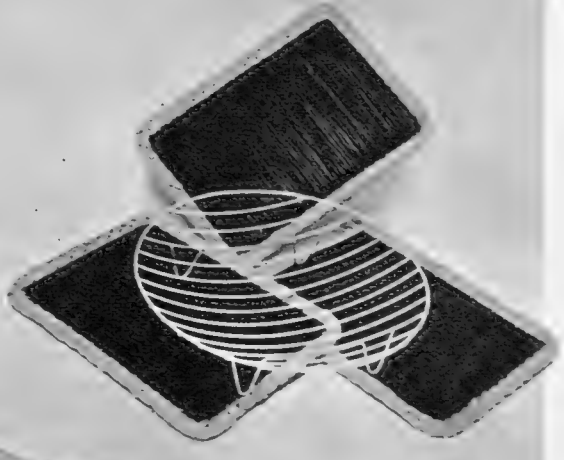
Leisure shopping

by MARGARET SHARP

Top right: A two-tiered tray, light as a feather, for transporting tea or cocktails out into the garden. From Maples, Tottenham Court Road, price £4 2s. 6d. The unusual green engraved cocktail set also from Maples, decanter and six glasses, £3 10s.

Cart your reading matter out to your chair in this wooden magazine rack (*above*) which is light, but large enough to take everything needed—even your knitting bag! Useful to have in the house, anyway. From John Barnes, of Finchley Road, London, price 39s. 6d.

Above centre: Italian hand-painted cigarette box which comes in various sizes and lots of colours. From John Barnes, 17s. 11d. Grosvenor cigarettes in a new, slim box made by Ardath and designed for the woman who likes filter cigarettes. A new corkscrew that you can't possibly lose in the garden. It 's Italian hand-painted wood with a trick cork-extracting screw. John Barnes, 11s. 9d.



Above right: Buff willow stools with walnut legs which unscrew for packing or storing away. Just the thing for catching the garden sun. From John Barnes, they come in two sizes for 18s. 6d. or the larger size at 25s. 9d.

Portable radio (*above*) which can be carried on a finger. This "Lady Margaret" model is just the ticket for listening in on Wimbledon or Lord's from your lawn. Selfridges, £13 2s. 6d.

The "Compac-Nik" dining set (*right*) can easily be transported into the garden. The table folds up to form a case in which the four stools can be stowed when not in use. From Stuarts (Knightsbridge), £5 17s. 6d.

Raffia mats (*above*) that are firm enough to take a hot plate for summer eating. They come in two sizes: this one, 11 by 8 ins., is 11s. 6d. Wire breadbasket, right for alfresco meals. Price 18s. 9d. Both from Liberty's

A Foot on Three Daisies

by ELIZABETH HAY

Young things are heard and seen again in Elizabeth's garden because Spring "is busting out all over"

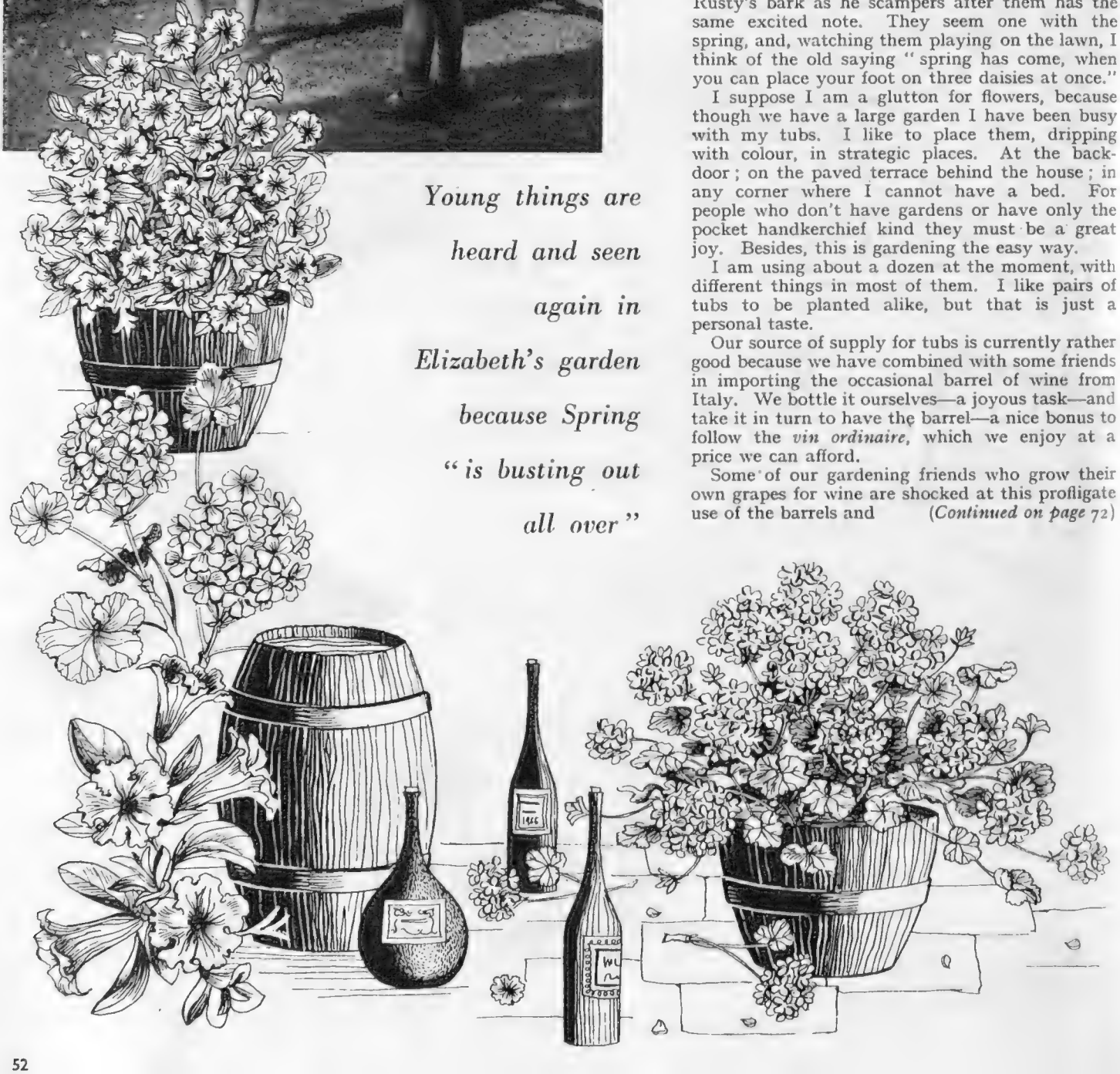
THE trees around the house are misty with young green and our waterfall twinkles among the jewel colours of the rock garden, which has repaid all our labours, as we knew it would. The children—so happy to be outdoors again—mingle their voices with the twittering of the birds, and Rusty's bark as he scampers after them has the same excited note. They seem one with the spring, and, watching them playing on the lawn, I think of the old saying "spring has come, when you can place your foot on three daisies at once."

I suppose I am a glutton for flowers, because though we have a large garden I have been busy with my tubs. I like to place them, dripping with colour, in strategic places. At the back-door; on the paved terrace behind the house; in any corner where I cannot have a bed. For people who don't have gardens or have only the pocket handkerchief kind they must be a great joy. Besides, this is gardening the easy way.

I am using about a dozen at the moment, with different things in most of them. I like pairs of tubs to be planted alike, but that is just a personal taste.

Our source of supply for tubs is currently rather good because we have combined with some friends in importing the occasional barrel of wine from Italy. We bottle it ourselves—a joyous task—and take it in turn to have the barrel—a nice bonus to follow the *vin ordinaire*, which we enjoy at a price we can afford.

Some of our gardening friends who grow their own grapes for wine are shocked at this profligate use of the barrels and (*Continued on page* 72)



MOTORING . . . *. . . by GWEN ROBYNS*

There are certain things every woman driver should know about cars to avoid possible embarrassment, but there is . . .

No Need to be an Expert

I REMEMBER the first car our family ever owned back in 1920. It was an enormous Sunbeam that crawled along the road like a fat white caterpillar and exploded every fifty yards.

Every Sunday afternoon we would set out—the sensation of Henley Beach, Adelaide. There was father in a deer stalker, mother in an assam silk motoring coat and swathed in a chiffon veil. I looked like an untidy parcel wrapped up in a rug and thrust in the corner of the back seat and my brother in a sailor suit made rude faces at all the boys we passed.

The Robyns family departure was something to behold. And so was our homecoming. The engine never seemed to go right and within an hour we were back again either on the end of a tow-rope or worse for my pride, being pushed by kindly neighbours.

Freud would probably pronounce that this is why to this day I get a nervous twitch at the slightest sound of anything going wrong in a car.

It is true that with the modern cars there is no need to be an expert but I believe firmly that there are certain things every woman driver should know about cars to avoid possible embarrassment—and worse still—unnecessary expenditure.

The first thing is to study the handbook supplied with your car. If I sound obvious, forgive me. But many women skim through the pages, note the running-in mileage, and tuck the book safely away in the door pocket. If you take the trouble to read it intelligently you are going to win out every time. Like dentistry, motoring should be a question of anticipatory prevention.

A general check-over by your garage every 1,000 miles will keep the car up to form. They'll attend to changing the oil in the engine and keeping the gearbox lubricated. Frankly, with a grease gun, you could do some yourself but, unless you are prepared to crawl under the car, the range is limited and I'd leave all this to your local garage. The more expensive cars have a group system of lubrication, however, which makes crawling underneath unnecessary.

But what you should check each day before starting out on a long run is the engine oil, water, tyres and petrol. The dip stick at the side of the engine is for checking the level of the oil. Don't stint on the quality.

There are many cheaper oils on the market but be careful here. They have a tendency to carbonise quickly and can clog up the piston rings, bearings and valve stems. It is better to use a reliable branded name.

CAR experts will tell you that if your local water is hard, then it is preferable to collect rain water. A meticulous woman driver I know even had a baby water softener fitted to her garage tap. But I wouldn't worry too much about this. The main thing is to keep the radiator filled regularly, and it pays to top it up with warm water after a run while the water in the radiator is still hot. And remember if you top up from cold water, not quite to the top. Cold water expands on heating and will overflow, causing rust. But, if the radiator boils, be very careful. Let it cool down before removing the radiator cap, otherwise the steam will blast in your face. And *never* add cold water to a hot radiator.

Once a week it is advisable to get tyre pressures corrected. It can be done at home with a tyre gauge and hand pump, but as this is one of the few free services left in this world, I leave it to the garage where I buy my petrol. It is also advisable after the first 300 miles to check all wheel nuts for tightness.

At every 5,000 miles you'll need to see that the front wheel bearings are greased, that the rear axle is greased, the gearbox lubricated, the clutch ((*Continued on page* 82)

Never

too late for beauty

The last thing at night ritual is vital to tomorrow's beauty, but there is no need to look unlovely at any time of day

By CHRYSIS

TEN minutes in front of the mirror before going to bed, and that is most women's quota of beauty treatment for the day. Fair enough. Ten minutes a day of *effective* treatment can keep a good skin good and go a long way towards bringing a poor one back to normal. With only a limited amount of time to spend on treatments, there is no better moment for it than bedtime, then the hours of sleep will underwrite the good work done before the dressing-table mirror. . . .

Dressing table, yes . . . not the bathroom mirror unless your bathroom happens to be furnished like an American "powder room." The psychology of a successful beauty treatment lies in making you feel good at the time, as well as holding a promise of better things tomorrow. Depression goes to bed with hair in curlers and a face shining like the village idiot's . . . more than that, it is not sound beauty sense. There are unavoidable occasions, of course, when some sort of overnight treatment . . . not always flattering it's true . . . is necessary, but most of the time there is no reason for looking less attractive in bed than by day and still have done the best for your skin and hair.

We will assume that your late-night beauty ritual is based on the triology—cleanse-stimulate-nourish, although a recent poll amongst women revealed a shockingly high percentage of them who go to bed *without any attempt to remove their make-up at all*. Even so, to leave the day's accumulation of grime on the face all night is a short cut to open pores and worse, so no one would miss out this part of the routine by intention. Of course, end of the day fatigue makes even the minimum effort a bore, but Innoxa have come to the rescue of the tired ones with their new preparation "Late Night Final." This creamy lotion, cleanser and nourisher combined, reduces the late-night essentials to two minutes. Cleanse with it, then smooth in just a suspicion more (it is non-greasy and leaves the skin smooth and matt) and you can go to bed content that you have not neglected your skin.

But that is for emergencies only. The vital (*Continued on page 79*)

What's new

SUMMER is on the way with its seasonal problem . . . deodorants. Most people find the pleasant way of coping is with a deodorant cologne and/or a matching deodorant talc. There are two Yaxa preparations, a flesh-tinted talc and a deodorant cologne both in three attractive perfumes which are intended to complement each other. Cologne 9s. 6d., body powder 6s. 9d. There is also an anti-perspirant at 5s. 6d. and they all come in attractive, spray-top unbreakable flasks.

Are you still looking for a lipstick that will stay on yet not be too drying . . . look moist without feeling sticky . . . in a lovely range of colours? Then you must try the new Peggy Sage lipstick Stay Sheen, in one of the eight new season shades at 7s. 6d., refills 3s. 9d.

Breaking a finger nail before a special date is one of life's minor casualties. The alternative to sheering all the others off to match is to have by you a set of Steiner's slip-on finger nails. You can get them in a range of six colours, or they can be natural and you paint them with your own nail enamel, price 15s. 6d. the set of ten. They are, incidentally a good idea for women who lead "double lives" who cannot manage long nails with all the housework to do all day, but long for manicured glamour just sometimes in the evening. . . .

COOKERY *by*

JANET DARBY

Making the Most of Early Fruit

This time of year poses the problem of how to make the most of a little—a very little—fruit

French Strawberry Flan

WHETHER you grow your own soft fruit or buy it expensively from the stores, this is the time of year when you are faced with the problem of how to make the most of a little—a *very* little—fruit. Half a pound of berries doesn't go far when there are four to feed. Devoted as I am to the solution of your culinary problems, I have been thinking this one over for some time.

I have also borne in mind the undoubted fact that while the days are pleasantly warm we do achieve far too many chilly evenings during this month. Nice, cool creamy fruit desserts are all very well in the middle of the day, but we can do with something more substantial and warming at night. The results of my sympathetic researches follow: fruit puddings for cool nights, light dishes for warm days, and fruit stretched to its furthest limit in each recipe.

We all know the usual fruit pudding, combining a substantial suet crust with a filling of gooseberries, or cherries, or rhubarb. Very nice it is, especially when each portion is topped with a dollop of rich, thick cream. Now try the two puddings which follow—one steamed, one baked, and both sure to take a high place in your list of family favourites.

SOFT FRUIT PUDDING (for currants, gooseberries or cherries): 2 cups fruit; 1½ cups breadcrumbs; 1 cup flour; 1 teaspoon baking powder; pinch of salt; 1 egg; 1 cup water; pinch of mixed spice.

Sieve the flour with the baking powder and salt, add breadcrumbs and spice. Beat the egg until it is light and thick, add to the dry mixture. Stir in the water gradually, then add the fruit and mix well together. Place in a greased piedish, and bake in a moderate oven for 45 to 50 minutes. Serve hot with custard or cream.

CHERRY PUDDING:
½ lb. cherries; 3 ozs. sugar; 3 ozs. plain flour; 1 teaspoon baking powder; 2 ozs. semolina; 2 ozs. margarine; almond essence to taste; 1 egg; 3 tablespoons milk.

Grease a pudding bowl, and arrange half the cherries in a pattern at the bottom of the bowl. Cream the fat and sugar, whisk the egg, and add, beating well. Stir in semolina, flour (sieved with baking powder), a few drops of almond essence and the milk. Mix till smooth. Now put half of this mixture over the pattern of cherries. Arrange the remaining cherries on top of the pudding mixture, then cover with the remainder of the mixture. Cover with greased paper and cloth, and steam for 1½ hours. Serve hot with fruit syrup sauce or custard.

And here is one for mixed fruit. You can use small pickings of gooseberries, currants, raspberries, and even make up the required quantity with rhubarb.

MIXED FRUIT BATTER
4 ozs. flour; 2 ozs. butter or margarine; 2 ozs. sugar; milk as required; pinch of salt.

Rub the fat into the flour as for pastry, add a pinch of salt and the sugar, then stir in the fruit so that it is well coated with the flour mixture. Mix (*Continued on page* 84)

Savoury Snacks

Cheese Pastry

4 oz. (4 heaped tablespoons) plain or self-raising flour. 2 oz. Stork Margarine. 3 oz. (6 heaped tablespoons) grated cheese. 1 tablespoon egg yolk, Pinch of salt, pepper and cayenne.

Toppings

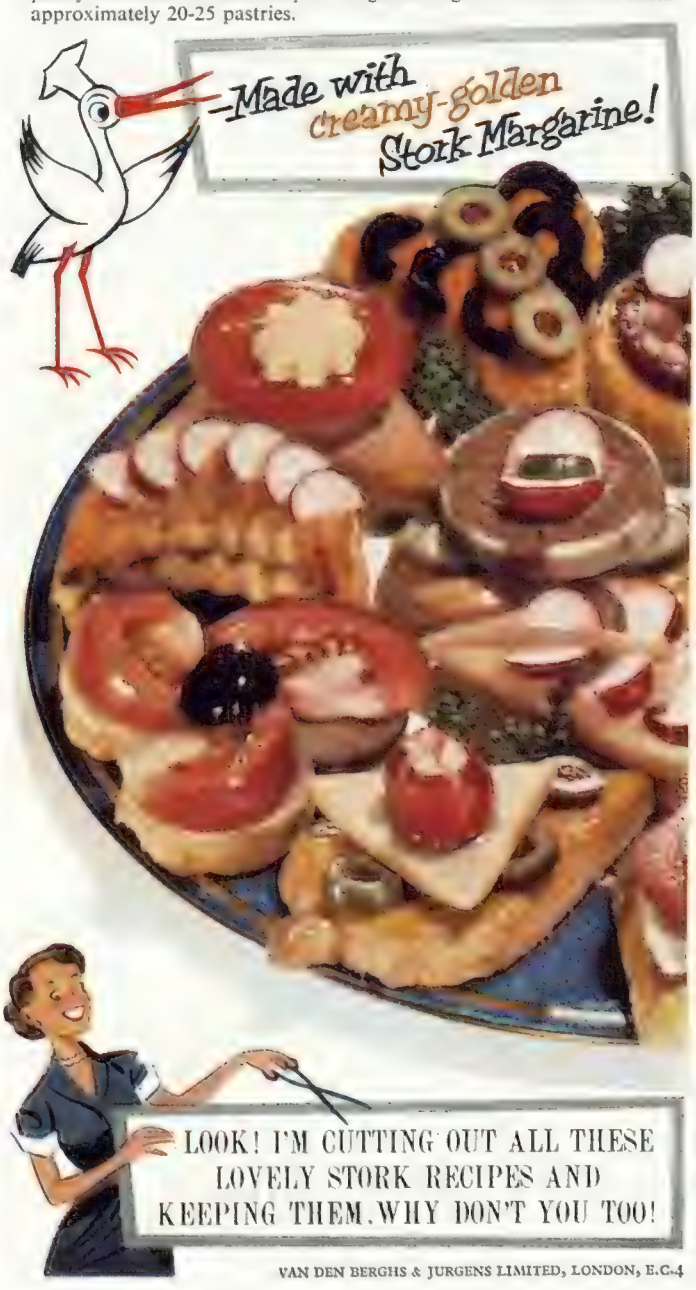
Sliced cheese, ham, liver sausage, tinned meat, etc. Fish or meat paste, chutney, mustard, sweet pickle, etc., to spread.

Garnishings

Sliced tomato, sliced radishes, or radish "roses", sliced gherkins, stuffed olives, or black olives, or pickled walnuts, parsley or watercress.

Sieve the flour, salt, pepper and cayenne together, rub in the Stork and stir in the cheese. Mix with the egg yolk, form into a ball, roll out thinly, and cut into fancy shapes with pastry cutters (rounds, squares, hearts, diamonds, etc.). Brush with remaining egg yolk, place on a baking sheet and bake for 15-20 minutes in a moderate oven (Regulo Mark 4: 360°F.) on the second shelf from the top. Cool.

To Finish. With cutters, or sharp knife cut out or spread toppings to shape of pastries (see illustrations). Coat undersides of whichever topping is used with sweet pickle, mustard, etc. Press gently down on pastry bases and decorate tops with garnishings as illustrated. Makes approximately 20-25 pastries.


—Made with creamy-golden Stork Margarine!
LOOK! I'M CUTTING OUT ALL THESE LOVELY STORK RECIPES AND KEEPING THEM. WHY DON'T YOU TOO!

VAN DEN BERGHS & JURGENS LIMITED, LONDON, E.C.4

Sugar Cookies

Friends coming in for the evening? Be sure you have plenty of these savouries and sweet biscuits to nibble as you talk! Make them with Stork Margarine, and spread with whatever toppings you fancy. A plateful of each on the table will turn an ordinary evening into a festive occasion!

Shortbread Ingredients

4 oz. (4 heaped tablespoons) plain flour
2 oz. (2 heaped tablespoons) ground rice } **or 6 oz. plain flour**
4 oz. Stork Margarine
2 oz. (2 rounded tablespoons) castor sugar
Finely grated orange or lemon rind (optional)

Toppings

Jam, honey, lemon or orange curd, chocolate spread.

Decorations

Sliced jelly sweets, dragees, nuts, desiccated coconut, etc.

Sieve the flour and ground rice, if used; rub in the Stork, stir in sugar and grated rind, then knead and press together to form a ball. Roll out thinly, cut into fancy shapes with pastry cutters (rounds, diamonds, heart shapes, etc.). Place on a baking sheet, and bake for 20-25 minutes in a very moderate oven (Regulo Mark 3: 335°F.) on the third shelf from the top. Cool on a wire tray. When cold, coat with toppings and decorate as illustrated.

Makes approximately 16 biscuits

Stork Margarine
Cookery Service

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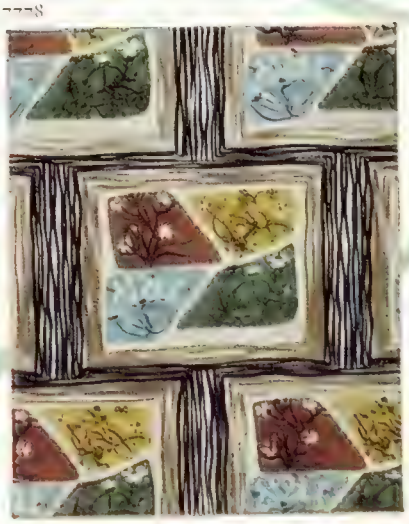

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Special 8-page section of

FURNISHING FABRICS

Compiled by MICHAEL SHERIDAN

THERE can scarcely ever have been a more exciting time to choose fabrics for the home. We can still take our pick of the same lovely fabrics that delighted our grandparents: linger over the caress of a velvet, marvel at the *savoir faire* of a traditional brocade or debate the more homely virtues of printed linens and peasant weaves. But, in addition, almost every day offers us dramatic new fabrics or finishes that would have seemed miracles even to our parents.

Do you want a net to mask a dreary view or ensure privacy? You can banish that vision of curtains half-way up the window at the first wash and hems looking as though they were meant to be scalloped if you choose one of the shrinkproof Terylene nets just available from Grafton Furnishings.

Perhaps you 've hankered after elegant cross-over drapes in crisply-frilled marquisette but hesitated because of the washing, starching and ironing? Hesitate no more. You can buy off-the-peg curtains whose permanent crisp defies laundering and whose frills need virtually no ironing at all. Have you foregone chintz because of the business of re-glazing? A chintz with an "Everglaze" finish from the new season's collections of "Rosebank" or Sanderson fabrics will retain its sheen as long as the fabric lasts.

Fabrics for the kitchen which will withstand even grease and constant condensation? For covers you can choose a gay printed cotton with all the easy-to-clean properties and durability of leathercloth (*Continued on page* 66)

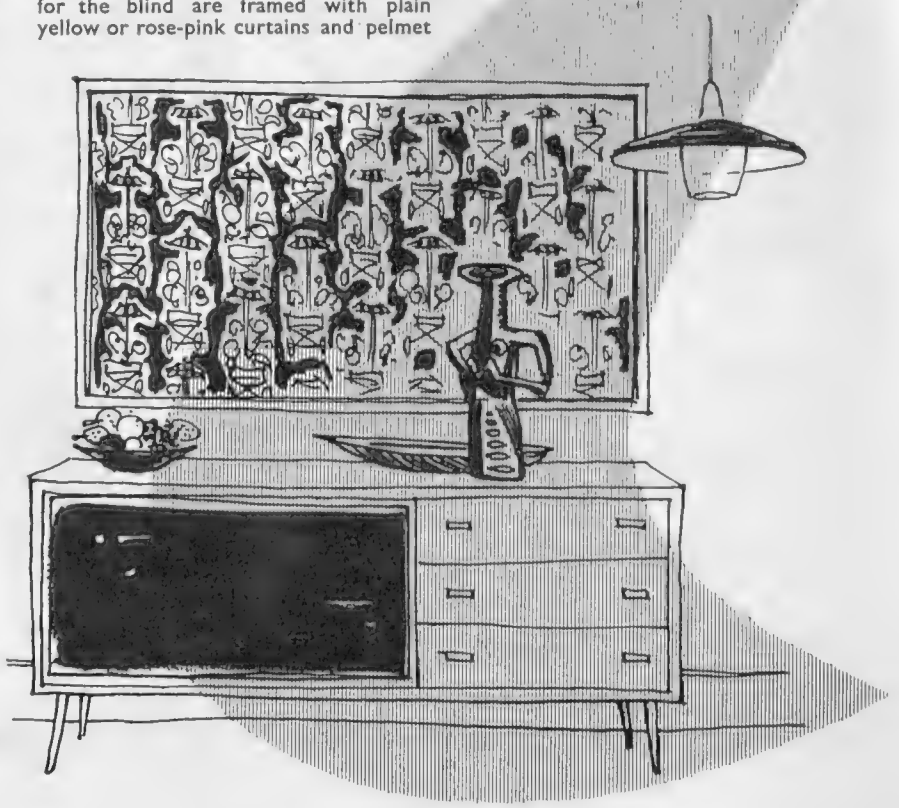
- *How to use*
- *How to choose*
- *Making them last*

more . . .

Fabrics for . . . . . Everything . . .

IF you have thought of furnishing materials only in terms of curtains and upholstery, revise your ideas: the newest use is in fabric panels—lively pen-sketches over patches of bold colour on screens and framed on walls : roses flat on a window blind, instead of lost in the folds of a draped curtain. In curtains, too, there is more than meets the eye. Kitchen and bathroom are specialized jobs, where for instance, plastic and towelling in different ways conquer the problem of condensation. Nor must you overlook the possibilities of a new bedhead with a clip-in-board, for matching the upholstered panel to every change of curtains

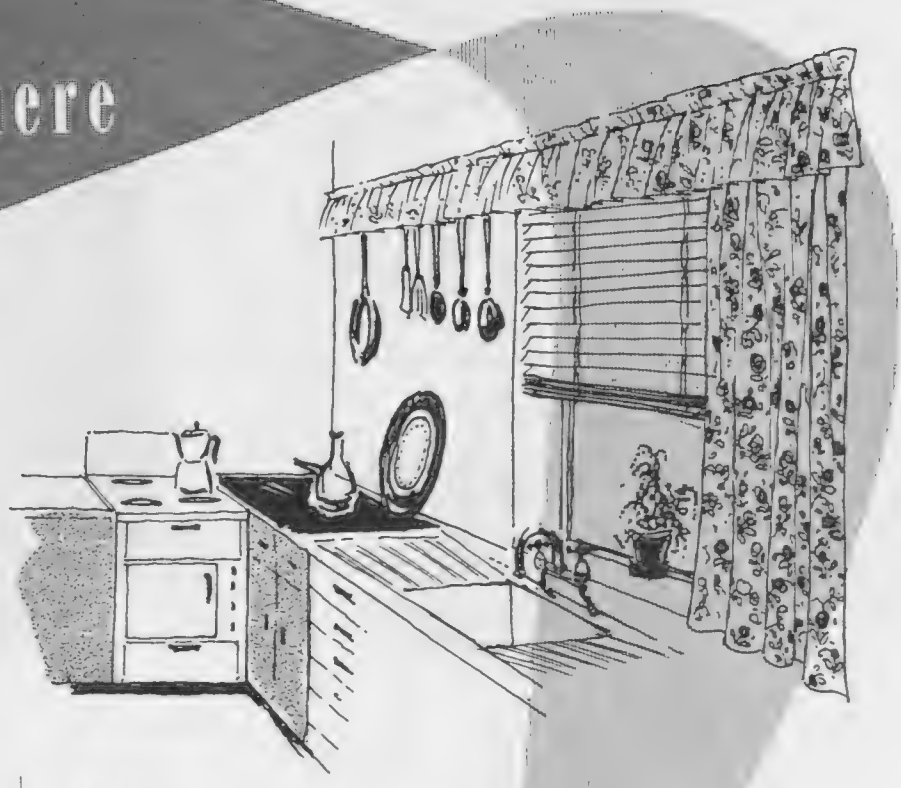
Morton Sundour make the fadeless, permanently glazed chintz used for the window blind treatment, above left. Bouquets of roses and chrysanthemums in yellow and pink on a black ground for the blind are framed with plain yellow or rose-pink curtains and pelmet



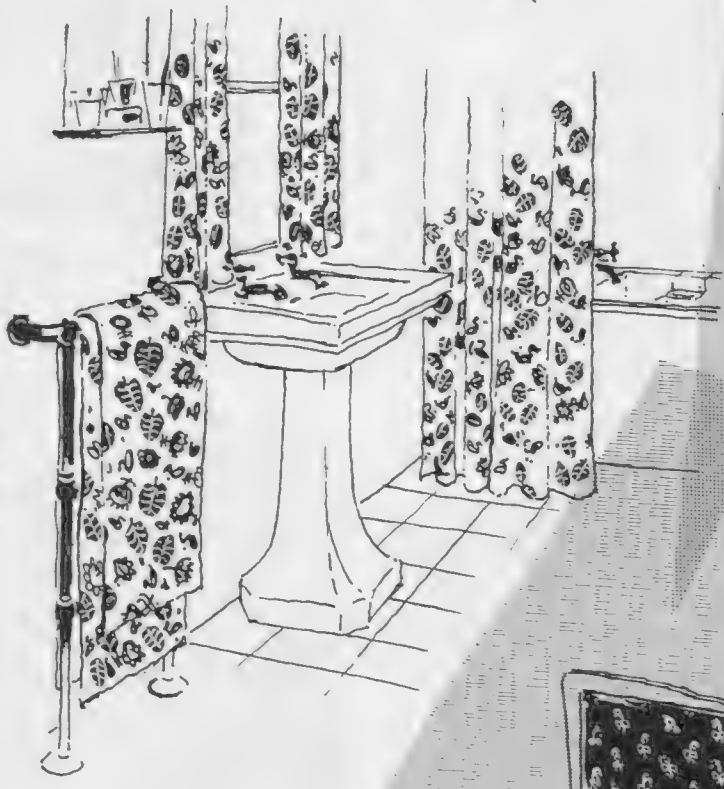
(*Top right*) A screen recovered, two outer panels plain, the central panel printed. The fabric used was a David Whitehead print from a design of Cawthra Mulock's. In cotton satin, Indian inked on acid green, it is a veritable animal farm of sheep, pigs, oxen and deer

(*Right*) A wall panel of Rosebank's granite-textured cotton fabric with a "French flower barrow" design printed in generous water-colour brush strokes of red, yellow and green on a grey ground. A fabric with the right amount of "story-telling" for decorative panels as this

....Everywhere



(*Right*) Kitchens must be crisp, gay and cool, and the note is set as much by the curtaining as the methodical display of pristine gadgets in their allotted places. Velbex are the creators of this plastic curtaining, textured to look like a printed fabric, yet with the advantages of its kind, wipeable, jewel-lustred in the light, and proof against the myriad mishaps attendant upon *l'art de la cuisine*



Plastic will, of course, furnish the windows of the bathroom, too, but terry towelling is an alternative here, and since the arrival of brightly coloured printed towelling new possibilities have been opened up. For this bathroom, an Osman printed terry towelling was chosen in a sprightly design of ducks swimming around water lilies (in bud and open) and huge green leaves. Small curtains flanking the over-basin mirror and towels of the same material complete the décor

Match your bedhead to your curtains. You can use your own material in Myer's bedhead which has detachable padded centre. Fabric used here is a Rosebank Cubaleen in celestial blue scattered with sprays of lily of the valley tied with green bows and the bedside lamp was covered in the same material. The Everwear candlewick bedspread, deep-piled and luxurious, is white

Peter Scott Sportswear — knitted and fully fashioned—is made in styles from classic to charming in a variety of textures* and in a rainbow of colours.

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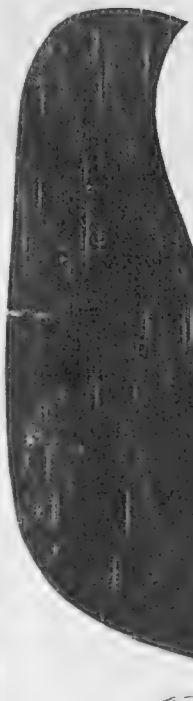
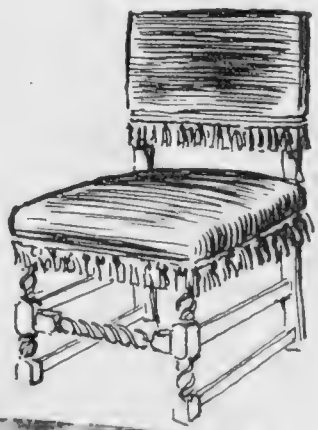
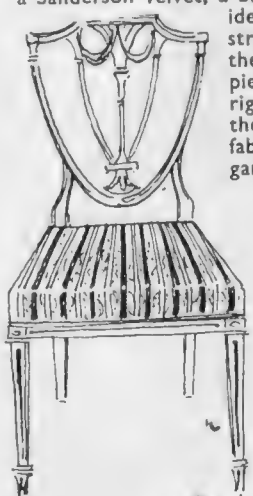
Choose...

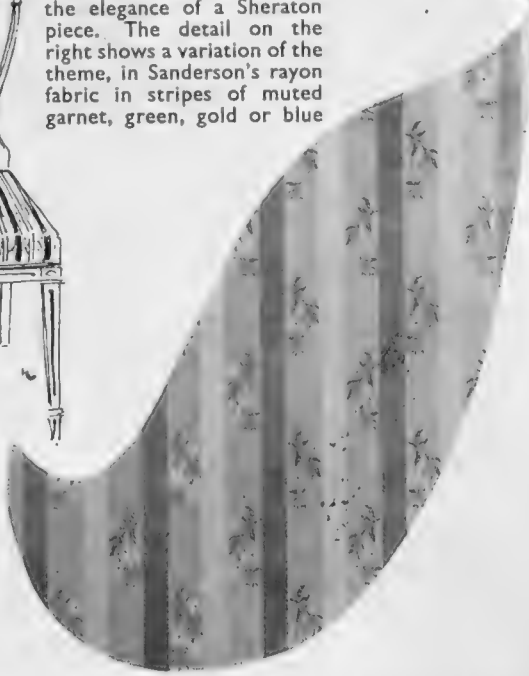
When re-covering an antique chair the fabric should echo, if not copy, the original upholstery. In a Jacobean room, printed linens using embroidery designs of the period are the obvious choice for curtains, etc., but for re-covering chairs, a velvet gives the characteristic richness of this style. This chair was covered with 'Celanese' antique velvet, which with its short flat one-way pile on a different coloured ground, gives a rich two-toned, shot effect





Cut velvet of a traditional scroll pattern is right for the Queen Anne style. The detail, right, shows a Sanderson velvet, a blend of cotton and rayon, ideal for this chair. (*Left*) A striped brocade complements the elegance of a Sheraton piece. The detail on the right shows a variation of the theme, in Sanderson's rayon fabric in stripes of muted garnet, green, gold or blue





the right fabric for the period

IN choosing fabrics to back up a period scheme, it's usually a mistake to worry over-much about "authenticity." For a home is not a museum. Nor, unless we are prepared to devote as much time and energy to embroidery or tapestry-making as, say, the Stuart or Queen Anne ladies, is it possible always to be strictly in period. Today, printed fabrics with designs of the right flavour may have to do duty for the original needlework. But what we can do is to capture the spirit of the original and match mood and character of fabrics to the furnishings.

Jacobean furniture—the earliest commonly used today—is, for example, invariably of oak, comparatively coarse and unsophisticated. Rich fabrics—unless you count among these velvet which is ideal—are ill at ease in such company. Printed linen, on the other hand, is completely in character.

But oak cannot live with anything wishy-washy; bold designs in strong colours are called for. A typical Jacobean needlework design or even a contemporary design with modernized heraldic animals would be right.

Slightly more elegance is needed to support the more flowing lines of furniture of the walnut period : William and Mary and Queen Anne. Prints with panels containing naturalistic flowers and birds—based on original petit point or embroidery—can be found in every fabric department.

The mahogany and satinwood furniture of the golden Georgian age reached the peak of sophistication. This is the furniture to team with the lushest fabrics : Italian-style damasks, brocades and brocetelles. Chintzes with bouquets in rococo scrolls are good, too.

For later schemes—Adam, Hepplewhite and Sheraton—similar fabrics with smaller scale designs of classical urns and garlands or *Toile de Jouy* prints with rustic scenes could scarcely be bettered. And for "French" gilt furniture of the eighteenth century—much of which was, in fact, English—brocades with posies and frothy lace ribbons are right.

CHOOSING upholstery coverings needs some care; many an attractive chair is ruined by an unsuitable cover. A contemporary chair sporting a rich Genoese velvet or a delicate Sheraton piece shrinking under a seat of deep-textured tweed is absurd enough to be unthinkable. Again, even if we cannot have an original design, we can match the mood of the particular piece. Original antiques provide the key. See how well the rather coarse gros point or Turkey work with its "static," detail-lacking pattern sits upon a Jacobean chair. Or how the flowing floral needlework of Queen Anne graces chairs whose makers had just begun to discover the beauty of curves.

Picture the heavy-patterned yet sleek Georgian damask that complements the silky mahogany of a Chippendale chair with its intricate carving. Or the fragile brocade that underlines the thistledown quality of Sheraton. Stripes were so popular in the Regency because curves were "out" and most pieces were based on straight lines.

So the weight and feeling of the chair itself is the guide to suitable covering. And colours as well as pattern have weight. Only the lightest patterns and most delicate colours are really suitable, for example, for the late eighteenth-century chair. Is a chair squat, solid and four-square? Then the cover should echo these qualities. Is it a swash-buckling affair like a Georgian wing chair? This can take a pattern with plenty of movement.

Victorian chairs on the whole look best in plain, fairly rich fabrics, like slub or Roman satin, in pile fabrics or even in felt. Modern textured fabrics and most prints are ill-attuned to the slightly pompous, prosperous character of most Victorian pieces.

Scale is important in covering fabrics, particularly those destined for small chair seats. For a seat is literally a frame for the pattern; patterns too big or too flowing to be confined seem to be restlessly trying to escape from the frame.

Oh the silken touch! the elegant look of

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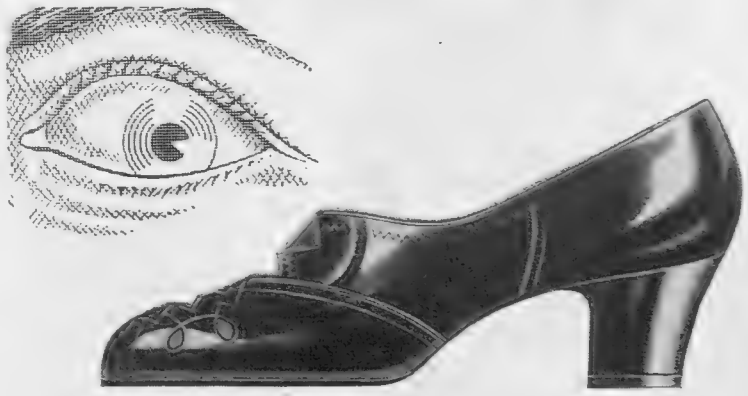

There is more in this shoe than meets the eye

This is the "Relief" shoe designed by Dr. Fairweather. It is made for comfort. The design and the way the seams are placed leaves toes and joints free from all pressure. An adjustable wedge re-balances the foot and prevents ankle turn-over. Special re-inforcements support the longitudinal and transverse arches of the foot.

It is therefore obvious that the "Relief" shoe must be fitted by trained fitters. That is why it is obtainable only at Charles H. Babers who have always specialised in the specialist fitting of elegant shoes in multiple fittings.

The shoe illustrated (DF235) is available in a choice of colours. Price 89/9.

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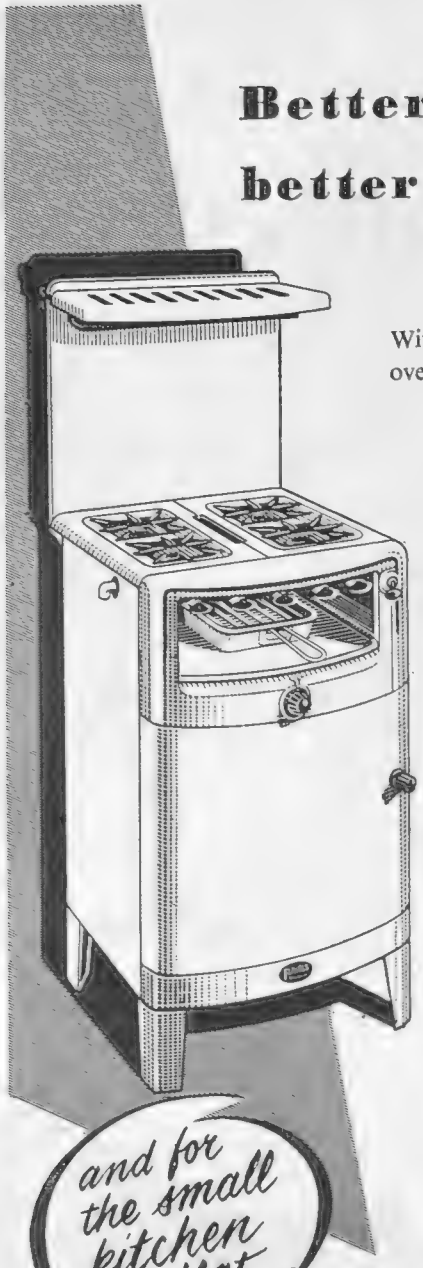

With a "larger than usual oven," fast efficient burners and a capacious grilling space this delightful bow-fronted cooker gives really good service for a modest price. From your local gas showrooms on attractive hire purchase terms.

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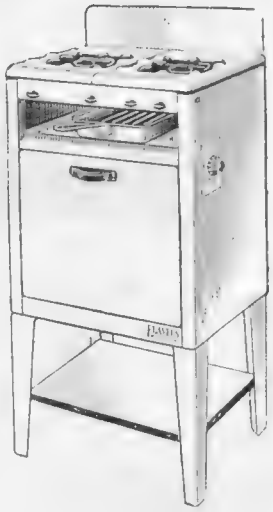

The IMP

This compact and efficient cooker is just the right size for a family up to four. Features include a drop oven door and two fast boiling burners. Finished in high quality cream vitreous enamel. Like the '68' this cooker is available on attractive h.p. terms—see it at your local showrooms.

Both cookers are available for Calor Gas.

FLAVELS of LEAMINGTON

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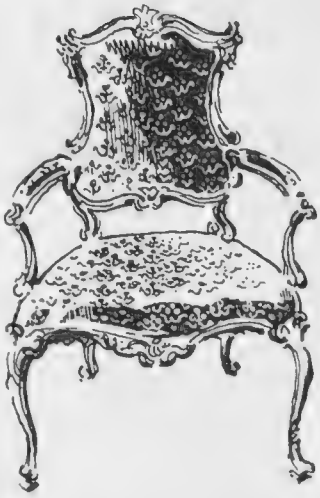
. . . THE RIGHT FABRICS



Modern version of Louis Quinze upholstery comes in a 'Celanese' furnishing brocade with a small classical flower and scroll motif. Besides the usual decorating colours blue, green and crimson, the brocade is also obtainable in cherry/gold and pale blue/gold, charming for a feminine bedroom décor

This Adam chair is perfectly upholstered in Sanderson's cotton damask self-woven with typical Adam motifs. The fabric itself is made in grey, wine, blue, pink and gold, and the detail on the left gives an indication of the delicacy of the design, in keeping with this period

Right choice of fabric for upholstering a Chippendale wing chair would be a traditional flower bouquet print, such as the Sanderson linen and cotton fabric, right

Making your fabrics last

FABRICS, like so many other things, will only give of their best if they are properly cherished and their own little personal idiosyncrasies pandered to. Sensible "after care" in the widest sense really begins in the shop, not merely when the time comes to decide whether to wash or dry clean.

Any rayon fabric, for example, will shrink and because it absorbs moisture from the atmosphere may even shrink without being washed at all. This is one reason why curtain linings sometimes appear to have "dropped"; it is not so much that the lining has dropped as that the curtain has shrunk.

So make an extra generous allowance for hems when buying rayon fabrics. The same applies to all nets and laces except the new "Terylene" ones. Nylon, on the other hand, does not shrink but it does fray. So turnings should be at least ¾ in. and no raw edged seams should be left.

It is obviously easier to treat a fabric properly if we know what it is made of. This knowledge may save us, too, from using fabrics for quite unsuitable purposes. Unfortunately, the almost culpable reluctance of most manufacturers to tell us is a complication. But we can at least demand the information of the salesman as of right. It is not always sufficient to know that a fabric contains rayon; in America it has just been made compulsory to label it "acetate" or "viscose."

Dust and grit are the natural enemies of any fabric and will reduce its life by years. (This is one good reason why lined curtains are a sound investment.) Loose dirt is particularly harmful, for particles actually cut into the fibres of the fabric and cause tendering which may only become apparent on washing. So all fabrics should be shaken or brushed from time to time. And even simple precautions like pushing upholstery out of range while the grate is being cleaned will add to the life of the fabrics.

Regular washing or cleaning is clearly indicated. But to wash or dry clean? A good rule-of-thumb is that piece-dyed and printed fabrics can be washed. The simple logic of this is that they have in any case been immersed in water during manufacture. "Woven" fabrics—brocades, textured fabrics, tapestries, damasks and so on—should always be dry cleaned.

SPECIAL care is needed in washing any type of rayon fabric. For rayon loses anything up to half its strength while wet—unlike cotton which is actually stronger wet than dry—and is therefore liable to damage from man-handling during laundering although once dry it is as strong as ever. Rayon curtains should never be steeped; a good shake will loosen dust and make both steeping and vigorous rubbing unnecessary.

No rayon fabric should be wrung out; better to squeeze it gently and remove as much as possible of the remaining moisture by rolling it in towels. The whole weight of rayon fabrics should be supported while they are wet; that is, they should not be lifted from the water by one corner nor hung to dry by a couple of pegs which allow the fabric to sag.

A viscose rayon on the other hand will stand temperatures that would ruin an acetate rayon; it can even be boiled. It is safe to assume that the spun rayons so popular just now for curtains are viscose. The sheerest fabrics and the "silky" types used for bedspreads are probably, though not always, acetate. In cases of doubt or where a fabric is a mixture always treat it as though it were made entirely of the most delicate fibre.

(*Continued on page* 66)

Exquisite sheets, pillowcases and towels by

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'Rufflette' BRAND

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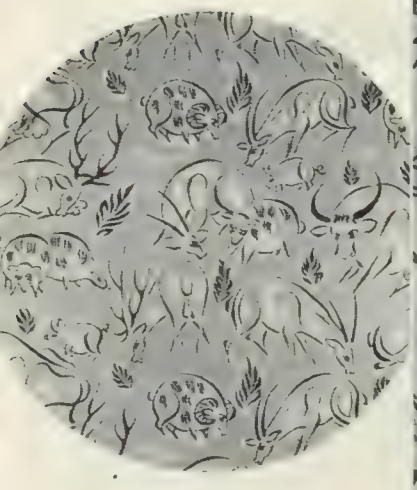
REG. TRADE MARK

"RUFFLETTE" BRAND

(*Right*) Osman terry towelling used in the bathroom scheme on page 61. Printed in bright colours on a white ground, 36 in. wide, 12s. 11d. yard

(*Left*) Rosebank's French flower barrow print makes the wall panel on page 60; 50 in. wide, approx. 15s. a yard. (*Below*) Velbex fabric-textured plastic curtaining for the kitchen décor, page 61. Approx. 2s. 11d. a yard



In the circle, left, above: The David Whitehead fabric for screen and chair cover, page 60: cotton satin 50 in. wide, approx. 35s. 11d. yard. (*Left*) Blind on page 60 is of permanently glazed Sundour chintz, 50 in. wide, app. 18s. 6d. yd.

(*Right*) The celestial blue cubaleen printed with lily of the valley used for the bedhead, page 61. A Rosebank fabric, 36 in. wide, approx. 14s. 6d. a yard

Choosing Fabrics (*Continued from page 59*

but without that material's deadly dullness. For curtains—suitable for bathroom, too—you can settle for one of the newest plastics like "Velbex." With printed designs and all the texture of "soft" fabrics, plastics today are as different from those uninspiring early "mackintosh" sheetings as chalk from cheese. Absorbent terry towelling, too, has blossomed into a furnishing fabric almost overnight, with printed and woven designs like those by "Osman" that cry out to be used for matching curtains and towels.

Half the old traditional headaches associated with fabrics need bother the discriminating shopper no more. Fabrics containing wool can be permanently moth-proofed. Some are, and the only reason more aren't is that most of us do not voice our wants loudly enough. Fabrics *need* not fade nowadays. Some producers, like Morton Sundour, guarantee their fabrics fadeless; there are still too many who do not. Fabrics *need* not crease. They can be given a "Tebilized" finish which makes them recover from crushing.

Yes, there is no lack of choice. But the wise shopper makes sure that she chooses the right fabric for the job. It *is* possible to find fabrics equally suitable for curtains and covers—some linens, for example—but it is difficult. For the qualities that make a good curtain are in some ways the reverse of those that make a satisfactory cover.

A curtain fabric must be soft enough to drape well but it need not be particularly strong; it *must* be fadeless. It can be as loosely woven as you like, with tufts, knops and bouclé effects to add interest. It can even be deliberately weakened for decorative effect—by the omission of certain threads entirely to produce an open-work pattern as in some modern textured fabrics.

In upholstery fabrics, on the other hand, the qualities to look for are closeness of weave—judge by holding to the light to see how much filters through—and its corollary, firmness, which will prevent covers pulling out of shape. Sufficient body, too, is necessary to avoid rucking up on seats. Smoothness helps to resist both dirt and abrasion—though it may tend to make clothes shiny.

In a pile fabric like an uncut moquette—in good qualities perhaps the best covering of all—closeness of loops and the firmness with which they are secured in the ground are the acid tests.

The vogue for deep textured fabrics brings special problems in its train. For although these are ideal for curtains they depend so often on loosely-spun yarns with snags, loops or knops which would catch in use that many are totally unsuitable for covers.

Avoid, too, textured fabrics with large areas of yarns exposed on the surface: such as those with spots or squares formed by long "floats" of yarn—a descriptive enough term since they "float" over the surface of the cloth.

For loose covers avoid the spun rayon prints so popular for curtains. They are not strong enough nor will they stand the frequent laundering needed. For sheer wear, there is still probably nothing to beat a closely-woven linen for covers—unless you can find one of the still-rare spun nylon upholstery fabrics. Cotton tends to dirty more easily than linen but is easily washed.

One of the secrets of successful shopping is to examine fabrics in the shop as they will be seen in use. Curtains will hang vertically in folds, they will never be seen entirely flat. Some designs develop irritating mannerisms when draped because part of the pattern is hidden. Curtains will be seen *against* the light and this may well completely change their colours. Yet how many shoppers hold curtain fabrics with the light falling directly on them in order to judge their effect?

Upholstery fabrics, on the other hand, will be seen completely flat and both horizontally, on seats, and vertically, on backs. Judge all patterns from a few feet away as well as close to. For some small designs disappear into a mere blur at quite a short distance. Never, never buy any fabric without seeing it both in daylight and the type of artificial light in the home: and this rules out for most of us the fluorescent lighting which is unhappily becoming more prevalent in the shops.

It is a temptation in buying fabrics to expect more than the price warrants. In printed fabrics, for example, every colour used adds considerably to the cost. So lots of colours can only be used in a cheap fabric if something else suffers: quality of cloth, of design or of dyestuffs themselves. Better by far choose a design with, say a maximum of three or four colours unless you're prepared to *pay* for more. (*Photograph on page 59 by courtesy of Heal's*)

END

Making Them Last

(*Continued from page 65*)

All rayon fabrics should be ironed on the wrong side—not a bad rule, incidentally, for most furnishings—and it is always safer to start with a lower temperature and increase it if the fabric is seen to stand it.

Most cottons and linens are easily washed at home. But linen is particularly susceptible to bleaching soap powders and rinses which may actually damage it. Chintzes can be home-washed but unless they have a permanent glaze—and why anyone today should ever buy one without is a mystery—the sheen can only be restored by professional calendering.

Cretonnes and printed linens are very often "dressed" to stiffen them after weaving. This dressing will disappear during washing, leaving the fabric limp but (*Continued on page 69*)

Girl Friday to Girl Monday

The footprint on the sand is (naturally) Clarks Clippers; they make the perfect sandals for Saturdays, for sunny days, days off and holidays—*any* day, indeed, when you are more you than usual . . . as well as perfect casuals for days in between.

Banderillo
49/9

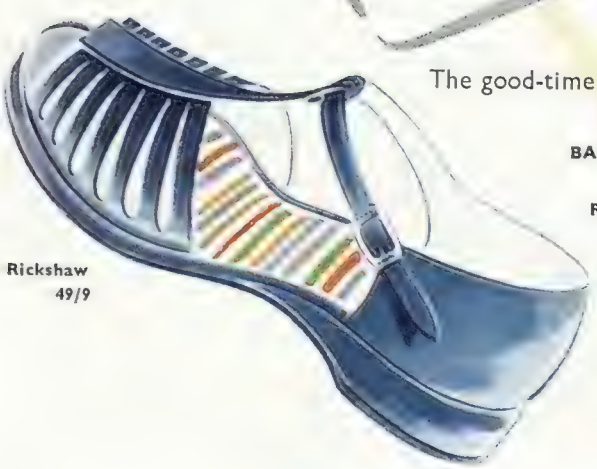
Clarks Clippers

The good-time shoes that go to your head

BANDERILLO Hawthorn red, brown, white or black suede

RICKSHAW Pageant blue, pink, red or white smooth leather

MAZEPPA Pink-and-wedgwood blue or two-tone beige glace kid. Also pageant blue, white or black glace



Rickshaw
49/9

Mazeppa
49/9

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write CLARKS, Dept. A3 Street, Somerset—and ask for a style leaflet.

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used by the
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Making Your Fabrics Last

(*Continued from page 66*)

it can easily be replaced during the final rinse. About a tablespoon of starch should be dissolved in a little cold water, mixed to a smooth paste. Boiling water should be added until the paste turns to a clear thick jelly. This jelly should be added to the final rinsing water and the fabric allowed to remain in it for about five minutes.

Cottons and linens both need a quite hot iron and it is worth remembering that if gloss and stiffness are required they should both be ironed while *very* damp. Wet curtains usually need rather special care if they are not either to shrink or "distort." They should always be treated very gently. Where possible, the ideal is to re-hang the curtains while they are still quite wet with both a top and bottom rod to hold them to size and shape. If no bottom rod is used, they should be hung over the line—not pegged—and pulled back into shape from time to time as they dry.

Tight—as distinct from loose—covers need regular cleaning as much as any other fabrics. A vacuum cleaner is invaluable for removing the loose grit, especially from down the sides of the seat. But when covers really need cleaning, it is worth considering one of the "on-site" cleaning services now available.

Opinions differ but personally I am all against trying to clean upholstered furniture by some "home hint" method, as I am against tampering with stains, except of the simplest kind. Better call in the expert at once and be sure that the right kind of solvent for the particular stain is used.

Careless storing of fabrics, especially cottons and linens which are very subject to mildew, can be a cause of trouble. Mildew comes from damp and grows particularly rapidly in warm conditions. So fabrics should never be stored where it is warm and damp; a cool, dry place is the ideal. Starch, incidentally, encourages mildew and fabrics to be stored should be completely free of it.

* *In the photograph on page 59, the wing easy chair, designed by Howard Keith, M.I.S.A., has tension sprung seat and back, loose shaped Dunlopillo seat cushion and wool fabric upholstery. The stool, upholstered in the same fabric in a reverse colour-way, is also tension sprung. The curtains are from a design, "Spring Morn" by James Wade, printed rayon in yellow, black and grey on a white ground, 48 in. wide. The mirror has a walnut frame with yew studs, the yellow and grey striped cotton rug to tone with the curtains. All furniture and furnishings from Heal and Son, Ltd.*

END

Rendezvous 1955

(*Continued from page 13*)

common denominators. And although the number of "Houses" in contemporary London cannot, as yet, compete with the five hundred of Queen Anne's time, there is, nevertheless, variety. Conversation is being rediscovered in all kinds of unlikely places; neither is it restricted to the voluble artist.

In Wigmore Street, two worlds of completely different character prosper quite happily within a few hundred yards of each other.

One is discreet, with thick, plate glass doors, and an atmosphere of cosmetics and expensive perfume. Here, with a background of mustard-yellow draperies, and large mounted panels of red material, trollies of French pastries glide between tables where smartly dressed women, and professional-looking gentlemen from nearby Harley Street, talk and relax.

The other is more of an intellectual scrum, and the Bar, decoratively speaking, is adequate for its function. One wall is completely taken up with a picture story of the gondola and, from an artistic point of view, the counter and table tops are unique. They are made to resemble marble, and they bear wonderful and mystifying designs by John Piper, Osbert Lancaster, and Humphrey Spender. And if the general effect is one of austerity, this is more than offset by the lively customers themselves.

It is in places like the Gondola that the young intelligentsia have made their home.

No longer the quiet Blue-stocking, the hesitant, bespectacled youth! Knee to knee and back to back, with coffee, soup, and cigarette smoke at every turn (they wouldn't have it otherwise), they are busy putting their own, and everyone else's, world to rights. The conversations are always intimate, private—and ultimately public! They are also interchangeable, and liable to become involved with each other.

Yes, these young people work hard to make nonsense of British Reserve.

They also keep a finger on the pulse of fashion and, as a group, they manage to blaze their own considerable path for both sexes—adopting, adapting and rejecting the trends of higher and lower fashions.

They are sometimes loud, but never vulgar—jazzy ties and juke boxes are definitely out! But Modern Jazz and a Tony Curtis hair-do (styled with a difference, of course) will share any corner with Michael Tippet's latest and the Regent Cut, of which there have always been two kinds.

FOR women in search of new ideas, there is at least one lesson to be learnt with each and every cup of coffee.

Quite apart from its aesthetic value, the good Coffee Bar deserves success if only for its round-the-clock service. Coffee, chocolate, sandwiches—open, toasted, and every other kind . . . as much or as little as you please, whenever and with whoever you please.

As a starting or finishing point to any day, or night, in town, the Coffee Bar combines the informality of the pub (it is not licensed, however), the sophisticated background of an expensive restaurant, and the intimacy of a club.

This collective extravagance will cost approximately ninepence.

And the coffee itself is mostly Espresso—which is good, although not, perhaps, comparable with the filtre. It should also be said, in fairness, that the Espresso machine has done more to raise the general standard of coffee making in London than any other single item.

THE term "Coffee Bar" is very flexible, however, and should not be taken too literally.

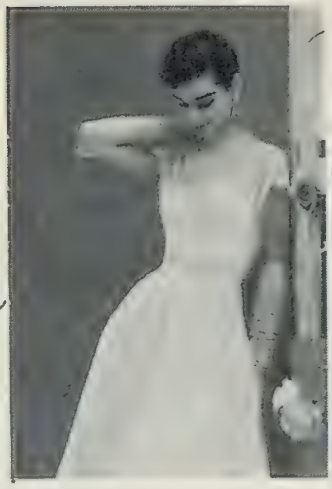
In the Brompton Road, for instance, a resort, which is one of the larger and more exotic Bars in London, has a most particular cooking smell—Tortillas and enchilladas. Here is Everybody's Mecca, the truly cosmopolitan Bar: dowager, ballet dancer, business man and schoolboy . . . they all drink coffee—or lemonade, served in coconut shells. Inside, it is always dusk, a sultry evening, with creepers clinging to the whitewashed walls, and rubber plants, and undergrowth; and strings of garlic and onion, bamboo and wickerwork, mosaic . . . the lot, including Moorish-cum-Spanish music, two Toucans in a cage, and a monkey.

A far cry from Johnson's world, but a meeting place, for all that. It is authentic, too, in its own way; and, to judge from the amount of time some people spend there, a second home in that district of bed-sitters and service flats.

But novelty is not an enduring quality and, ultimately, a house will stand or fall by the people who frequent it. New Bars open up each month; one or two, inevitably, close down, and if the balance is to remain in our favour, we must take a page from the diary of the early Londoner, who had at least one favourite Coffee House—a place where his friends and his clients would automatically seek him out.

In the meantime, precarious and stimulating, the Coffee Bar fills a definite need, and it is encouraging, in this world of tongue-tied "television parties," to find so many people who are anxious to make their own entertainment.

END



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8-page Beauty Supplement

● Beauty like truth is many-sided . . . it comes in many different guises . . . it can be cultivated in many different ways. Next month's beauty supplement tells you how to feel beautiful . . . how to look beautiful . . . how to be beautiful . . .

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And

KENNETH MORE takes time off from making amusing films to write an amusing piece for you on CATS! . . . and men.

in

the June issue of

BRITANNIA & EVE

The Trim Piece (*Continued from page 19*)

Peter firmly. "If you are foolish enough to be caught in your straveagings you must be man enough to wed the girl—and there is the honour of the MacLeans in it, too."

My head was in a whirl. With one half of my brain I could see how utterly impossible it would be. An actress the wife of the schoolmaster of Drora! A girl like her, made for the bright lights and the wicked gaiety of the world outside for which we all sighed sometimes, settling down in what I could clearly see as a dim, cold, naked, featureless island, exposed to every whim of the Atlantic Ocean at its back door. Yet inside me there was a glow. I could not but think of the loveliness of her, looking back at her leaning forward in the old wicker chair, listening with the look of enchantment on her, to my tales. And of Rab's admiring description of her as "a trim piece."

"Is she willing?" I asked at last.

"It is not me that would be knowing, Colin boy," he said kindly. "You must be asking her yourself."

"Asking her myself!" I said in horror, "but how would I be doing that not knowing how she would be replying?"

Old Peter came across to me and laid his hand on my shoulder. "We are both men here, Colin," he said understandingly, "and there is no need to speak of what has been done and what hasn't been done. All our talk is of what must be done. Although the fine young lady who is my youngest uncle's daughter is laughing at the honour of the MacLeans, it is not you I'm sure who will be laughing at it—not to be mentioning the honour of your own people. She is leaving the day after tomorrow on Calum Grant's steamboat and you will be taking your chance to speak to her before that." And he went out of the schoolhouse as slowly and decisively as he had come in.

ALL that evening I sat clutching a cold pipe full of grey ashes in my hand, gazing into the red embers of the fire and wrestling with my pride, my desires and my fears of being accounted even more foolish than I was.

But the next day I rose more hopeful. The schoolhouse seemed intolerable, the children stupider and more provocative than ever, but it was all over at last. I rushed back up the hill to my cottage and put a kettle on the boil. While the water was heating I took out my fine black suit and brushed it thoroughly. I washed vigorously and dressed with great care. As I knotted the fine blue tie which my Auntie Jean had sent me from Edinburgh, I had a good look at myself in the mirror.

"She might do very much worse," I said to myself with some satisfaction and putting on my hat, I set out for Peter MacLean's.

Both the girl and Peter were in and they made me very welcome. We drank tea and talked of this and that and Peter even produced a dram, but there was never a word of him going and some of the confidence which I had brought with me had begun to ebb away from me by ten o'clock. When she had gone to wash up the dishes in the kitchen I tackled Peter about it.

"I will be leaving you to yourselves in just a minute, Colin," he said, "there is no call to be so impatient. I thought we might as well have the evening's crack as it seems to be at night-time that your charm is working the best."

After she came back and he had leisurely smoked another pipe, he announced his intention of going to bed.

"I'll be leaving you to see the gentleman out," he said to her and we were left alone.

I looked at her, leaning back in the same wicker chair with the red cushion where she had sat before, and wondered desperately how to begin. Then her eyes caught mine and she laughed.

"I think perhaps you had better be going, Mr. Macdonald," she said smiling. "There must be no more fairy tales tonight—nor any other kind of tale either."

She got up and I rose, too.

"There was something—" I began.

"Something which will keep till tomorrow perhaps," she said with a smile. "I'm really very tired but I hope I will be seeing you at the boat before I sail."

I tried hard but the bold, brave conquering words which had been running through my brain all day were bogged up in an inarticulate mass somewhere inside me and nothing came out but a strangled "Very well, tomorrow."

The boat sailed at ten o'clock the next morning. It has a name but we have never called it anything but "Calum Grant's boat." If you have ever met Calum Grant you will understand why. He is the captain, a great burly, roaring-voiced kind of man who brooks no nonsense from anyone. He is very particular about his boat and will have no one interfering with its arrivals and departures from Toombargie or anywhere else. I speak feelingly of Calum Grant for he may have ruined my life.

I had been awake almost till dawn, thinking. Thinking on how little I was of a man and how much of the mouse there was in me. Thinking of her and of her and me, and dreaming wild dreams impossible both in the depths of their despair and in the pinnacles of their joys. When I awoke I was horrified to see that it was a quarter to ten.

THERE was no time to put on my good clothes so I flung on the first things I could find and ran all the way down the hill to the pier. When I got there Calum Grant was on his bridge and the men on the deck were just beginning to pull in the gangplank. I raced up the plank on to the ship.

She was standing by the rail waving goodbye to old Peter on the pier below, looking more beautiful than I had ever seen her before. She turned to meet me smiling.

I had just opened my mouth to speak when Calum roared from the bridge, "What the hell are you doing on my ship, Colin Macdonald," he shouted.

"I am wanting a word with this lady, Calum," I shouted back, "you can just be keeping your boat here until I am done."

"Get off and be damned to you," shouted Calum, but I waved the words aside and stepped nearer to where she stood smiling like an angel.

I CLEARED my throat and began, "Will you ma—" and then all the devils in hell let loose the most fiendish noise I have ever heard. It screamed and shrieked all round us and I looked up to see what it was.

I saw Calum grinning like Auld Nick himself and the steam that was making the noise rushing out from the pipe next to the funnel. I shook my fist at him but he just laughed. I tried to shout above it.

"Will you marry me? Will you marry me? Will you marry me?" I screamed at the top of my voice. She looked at me smiling and puzzled but she gave no sign of understanding. Even when two great brutes whom Calum sent to drag me off the ship were pulling me away towards the gangplank I still shouted my proposal with all the strength of my lungs. But it was no use.

She didn't laugh. She looked puzzled and a little sad as she waved at me gently from the rail as Calum's two toughs put me on the pier and pulled in the plank. She was still waving as the ship moved away and sailed off towards the mainland. I watched her moving her hand back and forward over her head until she became too small to see clearly. Perhaps then she laughed, too—like all the others.

I often wonder what she would have said if she could have heard me.

END

Sweet Witness (*Continued from page 31*)

each person being on his own, and families somehow didn't exist.

"Then we'll go and stay with my sister and her husband," said James, "in Wiltshire. They have a very fine house. You'll like them."

"I'm sure I will," said Peggy. So there was a sister, and probably lots of cousins, too. She slowly shook her head.

"In life," said James, "one must face facts. They can't be solved by closing one's eyes to them. You are from now on the great fact in my life."

"What do you exactly mean?" asked Peggy.

"I want to be frank with you, darling," said James. "After the unfortunate death of your husband you did evade the issues. You don't mind my saying so, I hope."

"Not at all," she said, "and I know you're right." She smiled. "But you're always right."

"Thank you," he said, and didn't notice that the smile was slightly bitter. "I want our marriage to be truly happy," he went on. "So we'll have to work out everything in detail and in advance."

"Can't we just let things happen?" Peggy asked.

"Certainly not," said James. "You let things happen for a long time, yet you weren't happy, in fact you got yourself into trouble."

"Right again," she said brightly, and the front door bell rang. "Excuse me," she said and left the room.

An Irish girl with red cheeks handed her a letter, then stood examining the hall with her eyes, her red hands clasping her cheap bag. Peggy sighed; for she had recognized the writing on the envelope. She wouldn't have been surprised if her sigh had turned into a groan.

"Peggy," said the letter, "I'm terribly ill. Please come and see me just for a few minutes. I might soon be taken to hospital. I want you to come and see me only for a few minutes but please come now. Eddie."

Eddie was the healthiest man she'd ever known; for Eddie to be ill and on the verge of being taken to hospital was unbelievable. Eddie had a fine sense of style, and for him to have written such a note was proof he was really ill. She turned to the Irish girl.

"Are you employed in the hotel where Mr. Haywood lives?" she asked.

"Yes, madam, I'm the maid."

"Is Mr. Haywood very ill?"

"Very ill."

"What's wrong with him?"

"Don't know, but he's very ill."

"Are you going back there?"

"No," said the girl, "I'm going out now. It's my evening off."

She said that as if expecting Peggy to tell her to clean the flat. She said good night and left at once. Peggy went back to James.

"I'm terribly sorry," she said, "but I must go out. It won't be more than half an hour at the most. I'll tell you all about it when I come back."

"Do as you please, darling. I'm quite happy to stay here and wait for you. Anyway, I've got some papers in my brief case which I want to look at." She was telephoning for a cab. "I don't believe in being idle," he said as he accompanied her to the door.

IN the cab Peggy sat erect and worried. Eddie ill was something frightening and unbelievable. Eddie was so completely alone in the world. Who would look after him while he was ill. Eddie in hospital: hospitals weren't for Eddie who would languish in a hospital as though in a dungeon. The cab pulled up outside a private hotel in Bloomsbury. She rang the bell. Another Irish girl came to open the door.

"Hotel is full," she said, ready to close the door.

"I don't want a room," said Peggy. "I want to see Mr. Haywood."

"Number six," (*Continued on page 72*)

You'll be happy with a G.E.C.

Really, it's almost like having a private hairdresser. You can dry your hair so pleasantly and thoroughly after you've washed it. You can set your home-perm or a new hair-style so quickly and firmly.

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There are only two switches. One to turn it on and off. The other to provide a steady flow of quick-drying hot air. Perfectly simple, and it is guaranteed for 12 months. What a lovely present for a birthday or a wedding . . . or indeed for yourself at any time.

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said the girl and started for the basement.

"Is anybody with him?" asked Peggy.

"Don't know," said the girl, disappearing down the stairs.

PEGGY found room number six. The door was closed, so if she knocked on it Eddie would have to get out of bed to open it for her. Poor, feverish Eddie having to get out of bed, and she gently knocked on the door. She heard footsteps fast approaching the door. So there was, thank God, somebody with him. The door flew open and smiling radiantly a very healthy and fully dressed Eddie stood in the doorway.

"Oh, darling, you have come," he exclaimed.

"You cad," she said, which was all she could think of. "You cad."

He closed the door and taking her arm took her to the only arm chair in the bedroom. She looked at the bed which was made. The cad, the cad.

"I should have known it," she said. "One can't believe you. I should have known it."

"But I had to see you," said Eddie. "I didn't dare to ring you up. You might have put down the receiver. I had to see you. My love, I simply had to see you."

"Why?" she asked coldly.

She wasn't looking at him. Her eyes were on the faded carpet, and as they travelled farther she saw his slippers under the bed. "This is a sordid place," she commented.

"Not now that you're here," said Eddie. "It's a beautiful room now. You don't know how much I suffered in this room, how deeply I repented, and how totally I missed you."

"Is that why you got me here under false pretences?"

"In love there is no such thing as false pretences." He looked at her thoughtfully. "False pretences? Not one of your expressions. Much too pompous for you. James's influence, I take it. Soon you'll start catching the Speaker's eye." He thought that funny and laughed.

"I don't think that's funny," said Peggy, "and, please, leave James out of it. He's miles above you."

"Are you going to marry him?"

"I'm going to marry him."

"Peggy, you can't," he said, took her chin and slowly lifted her face.

When their eyes met she looked away. The agony and hope in his made her rise from the arm chair. She must go. He tried to stop her.

"I haven't yet told you why I asked you to come here," he said.

"I must go, Eddie."

"Give me one moment," he said, getting between the door and her. "I got you here under false pretences to tell you I've taken a job. Lecturer in English at Geneva University. Now, what do you think of that?"

WHEN she had still thought of marrying Eddie their quarrel was that he had no regular employment. He wrote here and there, if he felt so inclined, articles for weeklies and reviews for Sunday newspapers. A regular job he considered beneath his dignity—so he said at least. She looked at him surprised.

"Won't you find Geneva too dull for you?" she asked, hoping her voice wasn't betraying her surprise and her respect too.

"With you no country, no town could be dull," he said.

"But I'm not going with you," said Peggy, shaking her head. "It's out of the question."

"Yes you are. We can get married at once, and then go to Geneva."

"I'm going," said Peggy, and Eddie opened the door for her.

"I'll find you a cab," he said, and went down the stairs with her. A cat sat on a windowsill. "Darling, you know we love each other. Everybody who isn't a complete fool learns his lesson. I've learned mine. It's you alone who matters for me. That's why I took the job. I'm, as it were, putting that job at your feet." She said nothing, they were already in the street. "Don't marry James. He's too cold, too reasonable for you. Marry me, my love."

"A cab," said Peggy, waved and the cab stopped. "I'm glad you're not ill, and I'm glad, too, you have that job in Geneva. Goodbye."

She closed the door of the cab. He stood looking after the cab as if waiting for her to stop it and go back to him. She began to cry. Her tears were but few, yet her body shook. She wiped her eyes carefully, and after letting herself into the flat she went straight to the bathroom. She washed her eyes, her face, put on a new make up, looked into the glass and thought she resembled a woebegone old woman. She lit a cigarette before going into the drawing-room.

"Splendid," said James looking up from the papers he had been studying. He rose. "Tomorrow I'll have to go to the Home Office. This here," he said, patting a sheet of paper, "is from a constituent whose husband . . ."

HIS voice droned on but she couldn't hear a word. She stood beside the chimney piece, and thought she would drop. With an effort she moved to the table and poured out a drink.

"The man was fined for driving dangerously," James was saying, "but that happened . . . darling, what's the matter?"

"Nothing," said Peggy, trying to smile.

"Aren't you well?" he said going up to her.

"I'm very well," she said, and now succeeded in smiling.

"What happened? Did somebody upset you?"

"Yes, somebody did upset me," she said sitting down.

"Who was it?"

"Guess," she said in a tired voice.

"Eddie?"

"Yes, Eddie. Who else could upset me?"

She told him of the letter, of her visit and of the job in Geneva. She wanted to say to James: "Please save me from myself," but knew he wouldn't understand.

"He's a preposterous person," said James. "Let us look at the facts."

"Must we? I feel so exhausted."

"We must," said James, sitting down beside her. "Indeed we must. As I've told you before facts must be faced. The very fact that he could still upset you shows that you haven't yet faced the facts clearly. Here is your chance, I mean our chance."

"But I'm going to marry you, so I'd rather not speak of Eddie. I don't want to think of him."

"You're side-stepping the issue. He upset you, and by upsetting you he retained a certain amount of evil power over you. We must exorcize that. I've got an idea," said James, his face lighting up. "A capital idea. Since I'm a barrister by profession I'll cross examine you, darling. All you'll have to do will be to answer yes or no."

"What do you mean?" asked Peggy.

"You'll see," said James, and stopped before her smiling broadly. With his hands holding the lapels of his jacket, he put the first question to her. "You were once very much in love with him?"

"I told you I was."

"Please answer yes or no."

"James, what is this? Is it a new parlour game?"

"No, it's very serious. Just answer yes or no."

"Yes," said Peggy.

"He said he loved you too?"

"He said so again a quarter of an hour ago."

"Yes or no. Please, Peggy."

"Yes."

"Yet he wouldn't take a regular job, led a ne'er-do-well existence till you decided against marrying him."

"But now he has a job."

"Yes or no? We're coming to that in a minute."

"Yes."

"Now then," said James delighted with himself, "I'm putting it to you that he, that is Eddie, when he saw that at last your life. . . ."

"Please, James, let sleeping dogs lie. That's all I ask. I feel so exhausted."

"One moment, sweet witness," said James. "Just one question. I put it to you that when Eddie saw that your life at last found a tranquil and happy solution, he, instead of leaving you to enjoy it, took a job so as to distress you, so as to make it more difficult for you to make up your mind, notwithstanding that you have already made up your mind." He thought that was extremely clever. "Please answer yes or no."

"Undoubtedly yes," she said wearily.

"YOU see," said James triumphantly. "We reached the logical conclusion. If the man loved you truly he'd keep that job to himself. The fact is that he took it in order to distress you, in order to interfere with your assured happiness."

"Assured happiness," Peggy slowly repeated.

"He is a cad," said James.

"I told him so," said Peggy, and smiled.

"What did he say to that?"

"He didn't believe me."

"But now, after my skilful questioning, you know it is a fact."

"Facts are facts," said Peggy, smiling again.

James left her early, for he had a dinner engagement. He boasted to the friend with whom he dined of the exquisite woman he would marry. In the morning his man woke him with a letter. James sat up in bed, took the paper knife the man held out to him, then read the letter.

I wish you had let sleeping dogs lie. While you cross examined me I couldn't help feeling Eddie very near. When you left I had to ring him up. The rest you'll guess. We are getting married, then we'll go to Geneva.

END

A Foot On Three Daisies

(*Continued from page 52*)

we may soon share that feeling as we have planted a couple of dozen vines which ripen in this country in August. They have been two years growing and we look forward next year to their reaching maturity, then heigh-ho for the grape harvest and our own wine.

But for non-wine growers there are excellent tubs to be had made of good, well seasoned oak at a reasonable price. They will last twice as long as my tubs, so don't be put off if you have no source of supply from foreign vineyards.

Spring flowers, daffodils, wallflowers, tulips and forget-me-nots grow as gaily in tubs as anywhere. By the end of May, when these are over, there is an exciting choice of summer blooms. Hydrangeas are "naturals" and can be left until they are too big for the tubs then replanted in the garden. Geraniums in their many varieties are an obvious standby, if they are taken into shelter for the winter and I have grown *multiflora begonias* with success. Three of these plants will smother a tub eighteen inches in diameter with scarlet or pink flowers from June to October.

Annuals do equally well in tubs. Last summer I had two with a pink and white *Ballet Girl* fuschia surrounded by salmon-pink petunias on each side of the gap in our grey stone wall opening on to the stone path which leads to the sundial.

This year I mean to try some *agapanthas*—those lovely plants with heads of blue lily-like flowers on a tall slender stem, and cheerful geraniums at the back door which I seem to be in and out of all day long.

Tub soil should be changed periodically and I find hop manure an easy and handy feed for almost anything that grows in them. Good bottom draining (*Continued on page 74*)

In my view you MUST cook by gas. Why? Because only gas gives instant control".

With gas, you can get *any* variation of temperature by the turn of a tap. This finger-tip control is essential when cooking milk dishes, sauces, grills and fried foods. That is why eight out of every ten housewives cook by gas.

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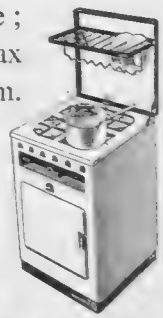

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is essential, of course. Bore three or four good holes in the base and put a layer of crocks in before adding the soil.

BUT back to real gardening: One of my jobs for this month will be planting out the dahlias. I shall leave it until near the end of the month because one cannot be quite safe from frosts in May, but I am impatient to get at them because dahlias are among my favourites. Partly, perhaps, because flower arrangements in the house are such an interest with me and dahlias in their great variety of colours, sizes and forms are exciting to use. They have another virtue for cutting, too, that they last so well in water. We were not very successful with them in the herbaceous borders last year but we shall try them again because I cannot resist the prospect of their scarlets, pinks, yellows and crimson beauty among the mauves and blues of michaelmas daisies.

The wet summer of last year was probably the cause of their failure but we hope for better things this year, though there is no doubt they do better in beds or borders on their own or, as I have often grown them, in rows in the vegetable garden for cutting. The small *cactus* and small decorative varieties have such attractive shapes beside their glorious colours. In both these varieties the flowers are about four inches across. We found "Vic," *Andries Orange* and *Glorie Van Heemstede* very lovely as well as almost any of the Jescot varieties. These were bred for market purposes and are excellent.

The ideal spot for them is where they can catch the morning sun, but have a little shade in the afternoon. After they have been planted about four inches deep they should be well watered and a little soot sprinkled around. In hot dry weather it is advisable to water them every evening at first, keeping a wary eye out for slugs, earwigs, and other garden pests. During June and July twice a week ought to be sufficient in dry weather. A good stir round in the soil with a fork every two or three weeks will help the roots, and one should always remove any dead or straggling shoots, keeping the plant trim and well staked. A good liquid manure given every fourth day throughout August and September will work wonders.

About the same time I shall be planting *gladioli*. The end of the month is about the last moment for this. They flower from October onwards and their lovely colouring never fails to come as a sort of late summer surprise

A Foot On Three Daisies

to me. The Butterfly varieties bring a brilliant touch to autumn borders with their tremendous colour range and they are easy to handle as they are only three feet high. Grown in groups they need only one stake and a tie.

For them I choose a warm spot, well exposed to the sun and sheltered from chill winds. They like a deep, well-dug pocket in firm soil, and a lining of a little coarse sand. Pockets should be about four inches deep, and if the bulbs are not grown in groups but in rows, four to six inches apart, each flower spike will need its own individual stake.

French and runner beans have to go in this month, and there will be the outdoor tomatoes to plant out at the tail end of May as well as the custard marrows to get under way. We prefer these queer shaped but attractive little creatures to the ordinary marrow. Their flavour is the same but they are small, flat or circular and scalloped at the edges. The children call them "fairymarrows." We pick them when they are about five inches across, slice off their tops like an egg, stuff them with almost anything we fancy and bake them. They look quaint and taste delicious.

END

In The A-line Of Fashion (*Continued from page* 38)

THE PINK JUMPER

Neck. 1st row.—Cast off 10 (11, 12) sts., work until there are 48 (50, 52) sts. on the needle, turn, leaving the remaining sts. on spare needle.

****2nd row.**—Cast off 6 (7, 8) sts., work to end.

3rd row.—Cast off 5 (6, 7) sts., work to end.

4th row.—Cast off 5 sts., work to end.

5th row.—As 4th.

6th row.—Cast off 4 sts., work to end.

7th row.—As 4th.

8th row.—As 6th.

9th row.—As 4th.

10th row.—As 6th.

Cast off the 5 remaining sts.

Rejoin wool to neck edge of remaining sts., cast off the centre 48 (50, 52) sts., work to end.

Next row.—Cast off 10 (11, 12) sts., work to end.

Now follow instructions for 1st side from ** to end.

THE BACK

Follow instructions for the front from * to *. Continue as follows:

Shape Top Sleeves.—Cast off at the beginning of next and following rows, 10 (11, 12) sts. twice, 5 (6, 7) sts. twice, and 5 sts. twice.

Shape Back of Neck.—1st row. Cast off 5 sts., work until there are 26 (28, 30) sts. on the needle, turn, leaving remaining sts. on spare needle.

****2nd row.**—Cast off 8 (9, 10) sts., work to end.

3rd row.—Cast off 5 sts., work to end.

4th row.—As 2nd.

Cast off the 5 remaining sts.

Rejoin wool to neck edge of remaining sts., cast off the centre 62 sts., work to end.

Next row.—Cast off 5 sts., work to end.

Now follow instructions for 1st side from ** to end.

THE HIP BORDER

With No. 8 needles and using 2 strands of wool, cast on 39 sts.

1st row.—* K. 1, p. 1; rep. from * to the last st., k. 1.

2nd row.—* P. 1, k. 1; rep. from * to the last st., p. 1.

3rd row.—As 2nd.

4th row.—As 1st.

These 4 rows form the pattern.

Work 17 (18, 19) ins.

Cast off.

Work another piece the same.

THE NECK BORDER

With No. 8 needles and using 2 strands of wool, cast on 19 sts.

Work 12 (12¼, 12½) ins. in pattern.

Cast off.

Work another piece the same.

TO MAKE UP

Press each piece separately with hot iron and damp cloth.

Using a narrow backstitch, sew side and shoulder seams.

Fold sleeve facings on to wrong side and slip stitch.

Join narrow edges of hip and neck borders and press seams.

Sew one edge of neck border to neck edge, with seams at shoulders.

Fold in half on to wrong side and slip stitch.

Sew one edge of hip border to cast on edge of jumper with seams at sides.

Make a pleat ¾ of an inch deep at top of hip border and tack.

Fold border in half on to wrong side, and sew other edge to inside edge of pleat.

Press seams.

THE "TWEED" JUMPER

alternate row until there are 124 (128, 132) sts. left, and then 1 st. at each end of every 4th row until there are 104 (108, 112) sts. left.*

Work straight until armholes measure 5½ (5¾, 6) inches from the beginning measured straight, ending with a K. row.

Shape for Neck. Next row.—P. 38 (39, 40) sts., turn, leaving remaining sts. on spare needle.

** Now keeping armhole edge straight, cast off at the beginning of next and alternate rows at neck edge, 4 (5, 5) sts. once, 4 (4, 5) sts. once, 4 sts. twice, 3 sts. 3 times, and 2 sts. 4 times.

Cast off the 5 remaining sts.

Rejoin wool to neck edge of remaining sts., cast off the centre 28 (30, 32) sts., work to end.

Work back to neck edge.

Now follow instructions for the 1st side from ** to end.

THE BACK

Follow instructions for the front from * to *.

Continue as follows:

Work straight until armholes measure 6½ (6¾, 7) in. from the beginning measured straight, ending with a K. row.

Shape for Neck. Next row.—P. 36 (37, 38) sts., turn, leaving remaining sts. on spare needle.

** Now keeping armhole edge straight, cast off at the beginning of next and alternate rows at neck edge, 8 (9, 9) sts. once, 6 (6, 7) sts. once, 5 sts. once, and 4 sts. 3 times.

Cast off the 5 remaining sts.

Rejoin wool to neck edge of remaining sts., cast off the centre 32 (34, 36) sts., work to end.

Work back to neck edge.

Now follow instructions for 1st side from ** to end.

THE SLEEVES (both alike)

With No. 12 needles and using 1 strand each of Main and Contrasting colour, cast on 84 (88, 92) sts.

Work 1 inch in reverse st.st.

Change to No. 11 needles.

Continue in reverse st.st.

Work 10 rows.

Inc. 1 st. at each end of the next row, and then every following 4th row until there are 106 (110, 114) sts.

Work straight until sleeve measures 7 in. from cast on edge, ending with a K. row.

Shape Top.—Cast off at the beginning of next and following rows, 7 (8, 9) sts. twice, 4 sts. twice, and 2 sts. 6 times.

Now dec. 1 st. at the beginning of every row until there are 40 sts. left.

Cast off at the beginning of next and following rows, 2 sts. 4 times, and 4 sts. 4 times.

Cast off the remaining sts.

THE COLLAR

With No. 12 needles and using 2 strands of Main Colour cast on 169 (177, 185) sts.

1st row.—* K. 1, p. 1; rep. from * to the last st., k. 1.

2nd row.—* P 1, k. 1; rep. from * to the last st., p. 1.

Rep. these 2 rows until work measures 3 in. from cast on edge.

Now dec. 1 st. at the beginning of every row until there are 153 (161, 169) sts. left.

Cast off at the beginning of next and following rows, 2 sts. 14 (16, 18) times, and 4 sts. 4 times.

Cast off the remaining sts.

TO MAKE UP

Press each piece separately with hot iron and damp cloth. Buttonhole stitch each set of buttonholes on either side of back and front together, forming pleats.

Using a narrow back stitch, sew side and sleeve seams.

Join the 2 sets of 5 sts. on back and front together for shoulders.

Sew sleeves into armholes.

Make a 1½ in. hem at bottom edge, and a 1 in. hem at sleeve edges and slip stitch on the wrong side.

Sew collar to neck edge.

Press seams.

Fold pleats toward side edges and sew on buttons to match buttonholes.

END

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Spring Reading (*Continued from page 45*)

secretly bore him two sons, yet remained the lifelong friend of the Duchess and after her death married the Duke. Miss Stuart reviews this astonishing "Devonshire House Triangle" from hitherto unpublished letters and journals which show Elizabeth heartrendingly conscience-stricken by the intrigue yet captivated by the Duke, "to whom my faith and love is as pure and unspotted as the love of Angels"! The sympathetic treatment implies that there are women who cannot be judged by normal moral standards: a problem I discreetly leave readers to decide.

No such problem afflicts Ethel, Lady Thomson's **"Clifton Lodge"** (Hutchinson, 15s.), a charmingly written memoir of a spartan Victorian childhood in York and interesting family connections. Her grandmother, the Countess of Macclesfield, Lady-in-Waiting, had to act as sole Mrs. Gamp at the birth of the Duke of Clarence when the nurse failed to appear. She described Queen Victoria as "The most inquisitive woman I have ever known! She would poke her nose into everything, and Alexandra used to ask me to protect her from her mother-in-law's tiresome investigations." Edward VII called the Countess: "The most disagreeable woman I ever met in my life." Altogether, a most illuminating period piece fraught with the rustle of silk—and the creak of horsehair and flannel.

Nothing could be more contrasting than the hectic party-life reflected by "fabulous society hostess" Elsa Maxwell, who bustles from Hollywood and New York to London and Bayreuth—where she sat beside a rude and surly Hitler—in **"I Married The World"** (Heinemann, 18s.). Blessed with self-humour, she calls herself "social bulldozer," "prize pachyderm," and quotes a story of the Maharanee Brinda Kapurthala pointing out to Prince Philip of Hesse an inflated mattress floating ashore. "Heavens!" he cried, "that's not a mattress. That's Elsa Maxwell." One of her own is that after seeing Danny Kaye at the Palladium Princess Margaret induced her parents to go by mimicking his routine at every opportunity and saying: "That's Danny Kaye. Really, you ought to see him." But the book so reverberates with anecdote that it's a gift to all who prefer *whosits* to *whodunits* for light reading.

Donald Wolfit, who has done so much for Shakespeare, caught the stage bug as a young Newark amateur sneaking into Nottingham for variety shows and mimicking the stars. He threw up schoolmastering to join a Shakespearian touring company as a walk-on, pitched his hat in the air and turned a cartwheel when Fred Terry gave him his first small part—four pounds ten shillings a week. **"First Interval"** (Odhams 16s.), is a good, straight, objective autobiography which might have told us more about his intimate reactions. Elsa Maxwell could show him how, just how!

Dane Chandos is objective, too, on a tour of the West Indies; but how vividly and individually in **"Isles To Windward"** (Michael Joseph, 15s.) he brings places and people to eye and mind! The islands' appeal, he says, is to the senses rather than to the intellect, for they lack a major culture. Calypsos, presumably, are no substitute for Shakespeares and Shelleys. Curacao he finds a Royal Dutch Shell Welfare State with everything found and virtually no taxes because the Company pays for so much. He saw "the orchards of oranges whose peel makes the Curacao liqueur," though when I called there (in an oil tanker) I saw them left to rot on the ground because "the liqueur is no longer made here." In Trinidad we hear not only of Noël Coward but of a terse epitaph on a grave: "She killed three husbands and the fourth killed she."

The Ariège, under the Pyrénées, is little-known country where the twelfth century Cathares were persecuted and martyred. It has famous grottos, caverns and rock-paintings, the haunt of speleologists like Count Begouen, and romantic towns like Tarascon, Carcassonne. Nina Epton gives an intimate account of it and neighbouring Andorra, with good photographs, in **"The Valley Of The Pyrene"** (Cassell, 21s.).

Most writers, at some time, are moved to diagnose contemporary social ills and suggest possible remedies. Phyllis Bottome does it forthrightly, from the angle of her beloved Adler's psychological theories, in **"Not In Our Stars"** (Faber, 12s. 6d.). Generalizations are easy, and refutable, but hers certainly provoke serious thought.

Are you partial to novels of 450 or 500 pages which absorb one for a week or three? Two this month beckon one into prolonged retirement, even from TV. Riccardo Bacchelli's **"Nothing New Under The Sun"** (Hutchinson, 15s.), the last of *The Mill On The Po* trilogy translated by Stuart Hood, carries the saga on from the flood disaster which left Cecilia Scacerni with two mills to run, six children to bring up single-handed. It covers a period of social unrest, of her daughter Berta's love for a peasant and its tragic outcome, and ends with young Lazzaro Scacerni dying a hero's death on the Piave in the 1914 war. The whole is a solid achievement in sustained story-telling in the grand manner.

Catherine Gaskin's **"Sara Dane"** (Collins, 12s. 6d.) is a Romney Marsh servant deported to Botany Bay on a charge of petty theft. She marries, becomes a successful pioneer in the new colony, returns to fashionable Regency London a prosperous widow with two grown-up sons and a daughter, ripe for marriage at last with an early love, only the call of Australia is too strong. This story, too, is in the grand, spacious manner; both have full, rounded characters, natural unforced dialogue, all the attributes of sound, traditional fiction satisfying to most tastes.

Another period story, F. W. Kenyon's **"Emma"** (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.), presents Lady Hamilton in a sympathetic light as a likeable woman; Nelson not so favourably. The fateful romance is admirably sketched, the historic background vividly touched in. It stands up well by contrast with another "Emma" novel of a few years ago, for the theme is one worth retelling.

Naomi Royde Smith is a novelist concerned with the finesse of character interplay favoured by the more intelligent, sophisticated type of reader. Her **"Melilot"** (Hale, 10s. 6d.) takes a job as secretary to a somewhat exacting, sybaritic author who "reminds me of God—he's so ruthless, and sometimes he shows a smiling face." She is torn between a poet she loves, a painter she lives with. No broad sweep here, but a cameo of cultured life drawn with sensibility.

The conflict is also a triangle one between Paul, already married to Helen, and his love for Caroline in B. J. Chute's **"The End Of Loving"** (Hale, 10s. 6d.). It is interpreted with a compassionate understanding that redeems it from the commonplace and makes the problems of other characters in Caroline's boarding-house real and affecting. The phrasing is not always felicitous. Why "When his mouth left hers. . . ."? Aren't *lips* more expressive?

Not for nothing is Helen, touring Italy, taken by the coachman to a closed, shuttered hotel when she lands in a Sicilian town. Two oil prospectors live there, and one has a specialized interest in attractive young women looking for a place to stay. She becomes involved in a rather bizarre way with them in Edith Templeton's **"This Charming Pastime"** (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 12s. 6d.), a love story in a volcanic setting.

Roy Foster's **"The Flute Of Asoka"** (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 12s. 6d.) concerns a German plot to foment unrest in the East. The hero and two colleagues are sent out to India to frustrate it, and there is a dramatic jungle quest up the Irrawaddy, a German general, a mystic Elsa and a charming U.S. girl to complicate a robust adventure.

Fiction for May includes the following:

"The Losing Fight," by Rosamund M. Chambers (Cassell, 15s.), the story of Josephine's struggle to retain her position as Napoleon's wife. Also in the same setting is **"The Twelfth Physician,"** by Willa Gibbs (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 12s. 6d.), the adventures of a physician against the backcloth of turbulent times. **"The Lovers,"** by Mitchell Wilson (W. H. Allen, 12s. 6d.), is recommended by the Book Society, and is set in New England in the 1870s. Rayne Kruger's new novel **"The Even Keel"** (Longmans, 10s. 6d.) is an exciting story of love, family conflict, and the clash of businessman and artist. Flora Volpini in **"The Woman Of Florence"** portrays the life of a courtesan, a demi-monde of the upper strata. **"The Flowing Tide,"** by Dorothy Hewlett (Hurst & Blackett, 12s. 6d.), has a nineteenth-century background, and a vital and ambitious heroine.

END

If You Ask Me (*Continued from page 37*)

attention to themselves because they are old if they are immaculate. From all I hear, this is about the only way American women score over British. Day-to-day care of their clothes is a fetish—and so it should be. In summer, especially make it a very firm rule never to wear soiled pale colours.

Start planning your wardrobe, and do it thoroughly *before you spend a penny*. Budget generously for the essentials and always buy the best you can afford—but not because it *is* the most expensive.

I think it is a mistake to be too much influenced by what you have left over from previous seasons, the exceptions to this being shoes, handbags and gloves. These should be simple and good. Better to sacrifice an extra cotton dress, some exciting lingerie, a nonsense hat or some junk jewellery, so that you have the extra money to spend on these. I still believe in Nanny's old saying: "You can always tell a lady by her gloves," though I prefer to change the word "lady" to "well-groomed woman." Fussy and elaborate bags, gloves and shoes are my *bête noir*. I particularly loathe transparent plastic handbags, which give me a wicked urge surreptitiously to put something unsuitable in them.

Next in my list of monsters, are white shoes on any foot larger than size four, and even then they must be spotless.

After your dress plan is complete, let nothing move you from it and let nothing else, however intriguing, tempt you.

Never follow fashion blindly, particularly anything that is in the slightest degree "ultra." It is probably a fad that is waning by the time it reaches you. Watch trends rather than definite design, and bear in mind that the best-dressed women of the world are not current fashion plates, but contemporary adaptations of a personal style. Whatever sort of figure you have, there is an up-to-date trend for you personally, but your cleverness must be always unfailing to spot the right one.

I personally consider it best to plan a spring wardrobe round a soft woollen dress and jacket, preferably one with an extra skirt. In this way you get full value from the jacket. Should you do this, choose one buttoning high enough to avoid wearing a blouse in summer, (*Continued on page 78*)

A gracious welcome to your guests

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When the meal's an occasion . . .

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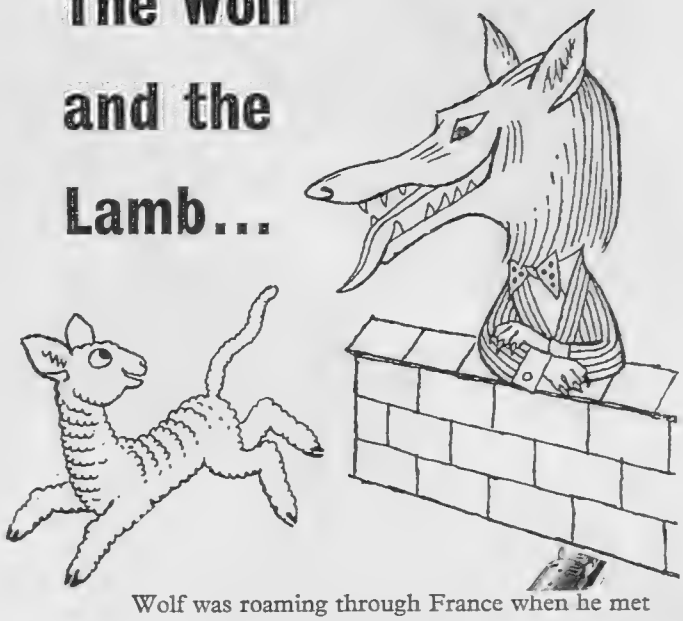
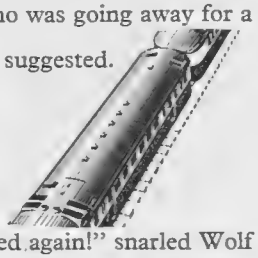
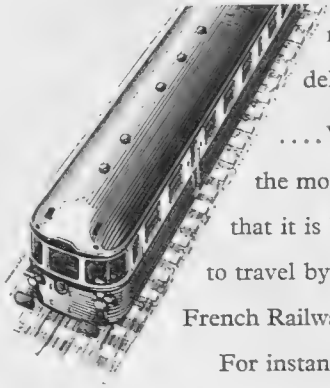
The Wolf and the Lamb...



Wolf was roaming through France when he met a sweet little lamb who was going away for a holiday. "Coming with me?" he suggested. But she shook her head. "I'd rather go by rail" she said and climbed



aboard a train. "Foiled again!" snarled Wolf feeling hungrier than ever. Lamb, of course, arrived safe and sound after an excellent meal and a most delightful journey.



....Which points the moral that it is best to travel by French Railways. For instance:

ROAD-RAIL TICKETS at reduced prices are offered for numerous circular tours from certain French Channel ports or Paris, combining train and motor coach journeys in the most picturesque parts of France.

FAMILY TICKETS for journeys of at least 300 km. to French destinations. The full standard fare is charged for the first two members, but only quarter fare for each extra member.

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CVS-115C

for a creased or soiled one is an abomination.

Decide on a soft neutral shade for the dress and jacket and a plain style, this will give you the opportunity to ring the changes with accessories.

If the material is a plain colour, such as "off black" or grey or alternating one of the fine two-toned tweeds or worsteds which give a shot effect, the outfit will serve both for town or country. Black for daytime, although nearly always right in town, never looks well in the country. I think the same applies to navy blue.

IF your budget allows for it, a mid-weight loose top coat can be extremely useful, for it will carry you through until the autumn. Select a colour that tones with your dress and jacket, and let it be as neutral as possible. Have it lined either with a gay coloured satin or if you have bought it ready made re-line it yourself. The style should be as simple as you can find, but with some small interesting detail. Wear it over plain silk summer dresses or prints that tone, and even have a slim dress that you can wear for cocktail parties and the theatre made from the same satin or shot taffetas as the coat lining.

We can sum up in a few lines: Be well groomed; dressed suitably for the occasion; understated rather than over dressed; observe trends and adapt them to yourselves and never, never rush headlong in to some unsuitable fashion because you have read a great deal about it.

This sounds simple enough, but first you must determine the outlines that are most becoming to your own type of figure. Are you tall, or short or in-between? Wide or narrow or just average? Find the lines that suit you and stick to them in everything you wear. Whether you are buying a cocktail dress or an afternoon dress, a spring suit or a winter coat, the outline should remain the same, except perhaps in the rare case of the perfect figure which can wear all with equal ease. That does not mean that your clothes will lack monotonously similar, but it does mean that you will always look right in whatever you wear because the silhouette is right. Within the one outline there is infinite variety of style, fabric and detail and the embellishing details, are up to you.

So, if you would like to know what lines I would choose for you, fill in the coupon below in the appropriate section, and I will send you the diagram sketch which you can use as a guide for every type of garment you wear.

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Woman Is A Waif

(*Continued from page* 35)

Mouths are pretty large, too, and held slightly open, ready to say "Oh!" in a startled manner every time the ugly world rears its ugly head.

Noses will be worn small.

The complexion must be clear, pale, and delicate, though a few, a *few* freckles would be charming, especially if you keep saying what a nuisance they are.

The whole effect should be one of strangeness and, in fact, probably will be. Your face must be haunting, it must stir people oddly, make them say: "There's something about that girl. I don't know what it is, but there's something about her."

It must make them feel they want to help you, and that's worth aiming at, isn't it?

But this, unfortunately, is the most difficult part of the whole thing.

So few of us have time to be helpless. The best we can hope to do is to give an *impression* of helplessness, and this takes cunning.

And yet most of us are pretty cunning, so the task should not be beyond us. When you've fixed the boiler after *he* couldn't do it, after the man next door couldn't do it, after the man from the shop couldn't do it, just stand around saying in a wispy sort of voice: "But what's happened? What did I *do*? I just poked at that little knob there, and pulled that little lever here. Honestly, darling, you must have mended it yourself last night when you took it to pieces. Oh, you *are* clever. Where would I be without you?"

This takes self-discipline, but can be very rewarding.

The chief difference between the Waif-look and all the others is that the Waif, in fact, is more than a look. It's an *existence*. The true Waif must *be* Waiflike; her whole personality is affected.

Waifs, for instance, who have to lunch at the Ritz and summer on the Riviera should be amazed at their surroundings. (Cinderella.) They must even try to appear as though they are enjoying themselves.

Waifs at receptions must contrive to look lost, Waifs at race meetings must expect the horses to come the other way, Waifs at cocktail parties can *ask* what to do with their olive stones.

Waifs in large cars, Waifs in mink coats, Waifs in diamonds, will be shining examples to us all.

The Waif's authentic and natural background, of course, is any of the sparser scenes contrived by nature. Waifs should rightly be seen peering round thin trees, in mist up to their knees, with an elf or two in the left-hand corner and the music going oomp oomp oomp.

This is rather more than we can rightly expect, however; so learn to take advantage of situations that do arise.

When, for instance, you find yourself on a bleak cliff by a stormy sea, stand and gaze at the horizon until you've been asked three or four times what's the matter, what are you looking at for heaven's sake, and then say: "The sea . . . the sea . . . ah, the sea and I . . . I am part of the sea . . ."

This will cause surprise, and questions, but don't answer. Don't, whatever you do, try to answer. Just smile enigmatically. Most impressive.

You can do this with moors, rivers, mountains, deserts if practicable, and the wind; and even, if circumstances are difficult, with flowers in window-boxes.

Now all of this, quite obviously, is going to cause something of a stir. There will be comments. And we Waifs, notwithstanding our *naiveté*, are going to need all the poise we can muster.

We shall, more than anything, need perseverance, a good deal of courage, a job to go back to, and some very loyal friends.

END

Never Too Late For Beauty

(*Continued from page* 55)

part of the night routine is the facial massage, and this is where the misapprehensions—and the greasy faces—come in. A film of cream left on the skin all night does not necessarily do more good than a few minutes' massage, and it can, in fact, do positive harm by preventing the skin "breathing" in the natural way. The correct drill is, to choose a night cream to suit your skin type, massage for five to ten minutes (if your skin is particularly dry you can leave on the residue while you have your bath); remove all traces of cream with a tissue before retiring. If your complexion then does not look soft, glowing and *matt* try using a bracing lotion like Captive Beauty; if it still looks greasy, the chances are that you are using the wrong night cream and you should change it.

A word about the massage. The purpose of facial massage is not to pummel as much lubricant as possible into your long-suffering complexion. The night cream—the right one—will do that. The massage is to strengthen the flow of blood to the surface thus maintaining the texture of the skin and the firmness of the contours. Different skin types require different forms of facial massage and Yardley, who have worked on the problem, recommend a "stroking" massage for dry skins but a firmer "stimulating" massage for greasy ones. If you would like a chart showing the correct way to give yourself a facial massage based on your skin type, write to me, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope at BRITANNIA AND EVE, Ingram House, 195 Strand, London, W.C.2.

Coping with the hair presents half the difficulties of going soigné to bed. If you are fortunate to possess (*Continued on page* 80)

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FASHION CONSCIOUS?

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MICHAEL SHERARD'S

offer on page 36

of this issue

well-behaved hair and it is well-shaped and well cut, you can brush it and then forget about it. In the morning, all you will have to do is to pin up the hair for half an hour while you dress, "fix" it in place with one of the perfumed hair lacquers and the set should stay in, between shampoos.

But the problem of hair that won't stay in I discussed with Steiner, the West End hairdresser. "The only solution," said Steiner, "is to pin and tie up the hair every night, but surely a clever woman can tie it up *attractively*? The important thing to do at night to preserve a set is to get the curls roughly into the pli (that is the setting that was originally done) this can be done with pins or clips.

In the morning, the hair can be unpinned, brushed thoroughly and positioned in place. For dry hair a little cream conditioner on the brush will not only induce shine but will actually condition it as well. If the hair is greasy spray it with one of the hair lacquers which gives it body and helps it to stay in place. It should then go through the day with little, if any attention."

There you are . . . to be lovely to look at night and day takes organisation, but it can be done.

END

Never Too Late For Beauty

The Hunchback Of Notre Dame

(*Continued from page 50*)

of rain gliding down a pane of glass. He knocked down Esmeralda's guards and "carried off the gipsy girl with one hand as a child does a doll—and leaped at one bound into the church, lifting the girl above his head, and crying out with a formidable voice: "Sanctuary!"

The executioners and the whole escort were confounded. The fact was that within the walls of Notre Dame the condemned was inviolable. The Cathedral was a recognised place of refuge; all temporal jurisdiction expired upon its threshold.

Quasimodo stopped under the grand doorway. "He held the young girl, all palpitating, suspended in his horny hands, like a piece of white drapery; but he bore her so cautiously that he seemed to be afraid of breaking or withering her. It was as if he felt that she was something delicate, exquisite, precious, made for other hands than his. At some moments he looked as if not daring to touch her even with his breath. Then all at once he would strain her closely in his arms to his angular breast—as if she were his only good—his treasure. His gnome's eye, bent down upon her, poured over her a flood of tenderness, grief and pity; and then again it was lifted up all flashing. The crowd stamped their feet with enthusiasm—for at that moment Quasimodo had really a beauty of his own."

AT Notre Dame there was "a cell constructed over one of the side aisles, under the buttresses" reserved for fugitives from justice, and it was there that Quasimodo took Esmeralda. He left her for a while and then returned "carrying a basket under one arm and a mattress under the other." The basket contained a bottle, with some bread and other provisions. He set the basket on the ground and said to her, "Eat." He spread the mattress upon the flagstones and said, "Sleep." It was his own meal, his own bed, that the poor ringer had been to fetch. Then he said to her, "I frighten you; I'm very ugly—am not I? Don't look at me; only listen to me. In the daytime you'll stay here; at night you can walk about the whole church. But don't go out of the church either by day or night."

The next morning, on waking, the first thing she saw was "the unfortunate face of Quasimodo." Conquering her fear of his ugliness, she tried to persuade him to enter her cell but he insisted on remaining on the threshold. "Tell me why you saved me," she asked.

"You ask me why it was I saved you," replied the hunchback. "You've forgotten a poor wretch that tried to carry you off one night—a poor wretch that you brought relief to the very next day on their shameful pillory—a drop of water and a little pity. There was more than I can pay you back with all my life. You've forgotten that poor wretch—but he remembers."

Under Quasimodo's pathetic kindness, Esmeralda recovered from her experiences and she regained "something even of her gaiety, her pretty grimace, her fondness for her goat," for the white she-goat, Djali, had been brought to Esmeralda's cell to share her mistress's solitude.

WHEN Frollo realized that Esmeralda was still alive and safe in sanctuary, guarded by Quasimodo, the infatuated priest planned to get her once more into his power. He went to Gringoire, who after his strange marriage to Esmeralda had joined the Truand band of beggars and thieves, and told him that a law was to be passed which would end the church's sanctuary. Gringoire, fond of Esmeralda and even more captivated by her pretty white goat, promised to arrange for the cathedral to be stormed by the Truands, under cover of which Esmeralda could make her escape.

In due course, a rabble of thieves, beggars and outlaws, armed with any weapon they could find, stole noiselessly through the night towards Notre Dame.

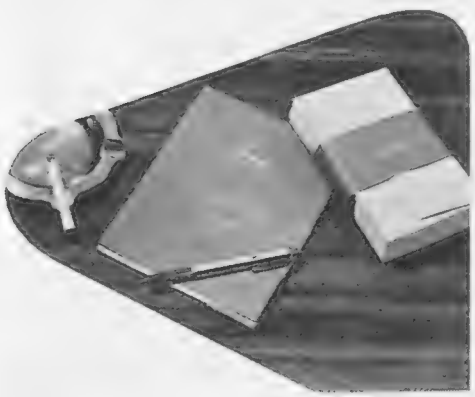
THIS spectacle of this mob descending on the Cathedral was one of terror to Quasimodo. "The idea of an attempt against the gipsy girl presented itself to his mind. Should be waken the gipsy girl? Assist her to escape? Which way? The streets were beset; behind the church was the river; there was no boat, no egress! There was but one measure to be taken—to meet death on the threshold of Notre Dame; to resist at least until some assistance came, if any were to come, and not to disturb the sleep of La Esmeralda. The unhappy girl would be awake time enough to die. This resolution once taken, he proceeded to reconnoitre the enemy more calmly. All at once he recollected that some masons had been at work the whole day, repairing the southern tower. Quasimodo ran to this tower. The lower chambers of it were, in fact, full of materials. There were piles of building stone, sheets of lead rolled up, strong beams—in short an arsenal complete."

As the Truands began their attack on the great doors, Quasimodo sent a crippling rain of missiles on to the milling crowd below. But "his shower of stones did not suffice to repel the assailants" and the hunchback looked desperately around for another, more effective, weapon.

"All at once, at the moment the rabble was crowding about the battering ram for a final effort, a howling broke forth and they who had not cried out, they who were still alive, looked and saw two jets of melted lead falling from the top of the edifice into the thickest of the crowd." Quasimodo had set light to the lead roofing!

"All eyes were now cast upwards to the top of the church, and they beheld an extraordinary sight. On the topmost gallery, higher than the great central window, was a great flame ascending between the two steeples, with clouds of sparks—underneath that flame, showing darkly upon its glare, two monster-headed gutters were vomiting incessantly a burning shower of molten lead. Above the flame the huge towers seemed huger still by all the immensity of shadow and their innumerable sculptured demons and dragons assumed a formidable aspect.

"The Ladies' Choice"



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A NOTEPAPER OF QUALITY BY COLLINS

The restless, flickering light from the unaccountable flame made them seem as if they were moving and among those monsters thus awakened from their stony slumber by that unearthly flame, there was one walking about—Quasimodo!"

Quasimodo's gallant and single handed defence of the Cathedral held out until the cavalry arrived. When the Truands had been driven off, "Quasimodo had now but one thought: it was to go and fall upon his knees before her whom he had saved for the second time. When he entered the cell, however, he found it empty!"

UNDER cover of the Truands' attack, Gringoire and the priest heavily cowled, had assisted Esmeralda's escape from the Cathedral by boat. But the city guards, realizing that the fugitive was on the run, started in full pursuit. Gringoire ran off in one direction with Djali, the little white goat, and Esmeralda, with her second rescuer took another course. It was not until they reached the ill-fated Place de Greve, with the guards in full cry behind, that Esmeralda recognized her companion as Archdeacon Frollo.

Once again the priest poured out his impassioned declaration of love. "I can save you yet!" he cried. "Choose between me and that!" pointing to the gallows.

"Get thee gone, thou priest of the devil!" was her answer.

"Listen," said he; and she shuddered at the sound of that ill-omened voice. "Listen. We are here. I have to talk to thee. This is the Grève. This is an extreme point. Fate gives up each of us to the other. I am going to dispose of thy life; thou, of my soul. Tell me not that thou lovest me—tell me only that thou art willing; that will suffice, and I will save thee. If not—Oh, the time flies. I entreat thee, by all that is sacred, wait not until I am become of stone again, like this gibbet, which claims thee too. Think that I hold both our destinies in my hand, that I am maddened—'tis terrible—that I may let all go, and that there is beneath us, unhappy girl, a bottomless abyss, wherein my fall will pursue thine for all eternity. One word of kindness—say one word—but one word!"

She opened her lips to answer him. He threw himself on his knees before her, to receive with adoration the word, perhaps of relenting, which was about to fall from those lips. She said to him, "You are an assassin!"

The priest took her in his arms with fury, and laughed an abominable laugh. "You must die, my fair one," he said, "or be mine. Come kiss me. The grave—or my couch!"

She struggled in his arms. "Oh, the hateful, poisonous monk! Get thee gone!"

He uttered a violent cry, like some wretch under a branding iron. "Die, then!" He seized her, shook her, threw her upon the ground, and walked rapidly towards the Trou aux Rats, dragging her after him by her beautiful hands."

"Gedule!" he shouted to the old recluse. "Here is the gipsy woman! Take thy revenge."

A withered claw came through the barred window and clutched the girl's arm, while Frollo went off to fetch the guard.

"What have I done to thee?" cried the girl to the old woman.

"Daughter of Egypt," replied the recluse, "you are one of them, you stole and ate my child, my little Agnes. Here is her little shoe, all that's left me of her!"

There was enough daylight already to distinguish the shape and colour of the little embroidered shoe. La Esmeralda stared, then she eagerly opened the amulet that was hanging round her neck and pulled out a shoe matching the other exactly.

"With lightning quickness the recluse had compared the two shoes, read the inscription on the parchment and then put close to the window bars her face all beaming with a celestial joy, exclaiming, My daugher! My daughter!'"

The wall and the iron bars of the cell were between them, but the old woman with superhuman strength, tore out the staves and drew her daughter into the cell. "Come," murmured she, "let me drag thee out of the abyss."

"As soon as she had her daughter within the cell, she set her gently on the ground, then took her up again, and carrying her in her arms as if she were still only her little Agnes, she paced to and fro in her narrow lodge, intoxicated, frantic with joy, shouting, singing, kissing her daughter, talking to her, laughing aloud, melting into tears—all at once and all vehemently.

"My daughter! my daughter!" said she. "I have my daughter! Here she is! God Almighty has given her back to me."

"O my mother!" said the young girl, gathering strength at last to speak in her emotion, "the gipsy woman had told me so. There was a good gipsy woman among our people that died last year, and that had always taken care of me like a foster-mother. It was she that had put this little bag on my neck. She used always to say to me, "Little girl, take care of this trinket, it will make thee find they mother again."

But the respite lasted only a short time. The guards arrived, and dragging out the gipsy girl and her newly found mother, they carried the fainting Esmeralda to the gibbet where the executioner was waiting.

FROM the top of Notre Dame, Frollo watched the execution. Behind him, unseen, stood Quasimodo. When the white clad figure of Esmeralda hung from the gallows, "a demoniacal laugh—a laugh such as can come only from one who is no longer human—burst from the livid visage of the priest." Quasimodo did not hear it, he saw it, and rushing forward with all his strength, he pushed the priest over the balustrade.

Quasimodo was never seen again, but at Montfaucon, the charnel vault into which the bodies of the condemned were thrown, two years later, two skeletons were found, close together, one was that of a woman, the other was that of a man with a twisted spine.

END

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Dog's Chance

(*Continued from page* 44)

She was wiping cups, and regarded a nail chipped of its varnish ruefully. "O Lord . . . look at that! Well, I imagine the entrance is closed, actually. Can't you see a steward?"

I explained that I didn't want to see a steward, and I didn't want to enter, and I hadn't got a dog. I just wanted to look over the dogs assembled. She thought I was nuts and I don't blame her.

Somebody came in at the far end of her table, and she turned from me in well-bred relief. "That you, Liz? Any luck with the shies?"

"Lousy. All I got was a tin of our own biscuits. Where's Kate? I've got to fetch more teacups for La Porwich."

Nothing registered at the time, except that the speaker had a melodious voice, and I couldn't possibly afford to take her out to lunch. I shuffled out of the tent and tried the sideshows, and then I got buttonholed by an old friend of Dad's, and while I was hearing about her garden, I saw some dogs being led through an arch marked Competitors' Entrance, so I made excuses and rushed after them.

The Peculiar Dogs were last, of course. First of all, there were serious things like obedience tests, and cats. The dogs behaved very badly, waiting. They jumped all over their owners, snarled and sniffed at one another. There were only about twenty of them, but as they never kept still, there seemed double that number.

Suddenly I saw a dog. A sort of shaggy, hound-type dog, sort of light tabby in colour, if you can think of a tabby dog. And I remembered I had seen it before. Being chased out of the butchers in the High Street, with a bit of meat in its mouth. A surly lad of about eleven kept it close hauled, on a string.

I said, "Hallo, sonny. That your dog?"

"Naw. It's me entry." He turned away.

"Yes, but does it belong to you? It looks to me just like one reported stolen. Where did you get it?"

The child looked really murderous. He wanted to know who I was calling names, and his dad'd soon know why. The dog, with uncommon good sense, pulled the lad away, under pretext of investigating a newcomer. Soon the string was tangled with a Dalmatian's lead, and making a pretence of looking at the tabby dog's collar, I undid it. Next minute it was headed roughly south of Mayborough, and I was hard behind it.

Heads turned. People protested. I brushed a restraining arm off my sleeve. We went straight out of the show ground, crossed the cricket pitch, skirted the pond, and doubled back across the yard of the Cricketers' Rest, upsetting one of the high stacked crates of empties. Then we headed straight for Eastbourne, only the cressy waters of the Mayburn were in the way. We wheeled sharply right on the bank, over the humpbacked bridge, towards the main road. The boy was chasing me, hollering at me to stop, and his friends had joined pursuit. I was hopelessly outnumbered. Not only was I chasing ten pounds' worth of dog, I was escaping a gang of outraged small boys. We crossed a bank and a ditch, and burst on to the main road.

The last I saw of the dog was a tabby streak headed south on its greyhound-type legs. The last I heard was the triumphant howls of the small boys, closing in behind me. I was bowled off the wing of a small red sports car, bang! on my head, and I never even saw who was driving it. Liz told me afterwards, she'd never been so scared in her life. Fortunately, she had good brakes—so good that she winded herself on the steering wheel! Apparently, I glanced off the offside wing just as a *posse* of wild small boys came to rest against the near. The crockery Liz had been sent for broke over her, them, me, over the road. . . .

THE first person who saw me in hospital was Dad, but the first person I was really aware of was Elizabeth Burford, in a strapless sundress, holding white flowers, and looking rather white herself. When I told her it wasn't unrequited love but a dog chase that sent me under her wheels, she put the flowers down suddenly and began to giggle. I joined her, but I had to stop. My ribs hurt. I insisted my heart was broken, and invited her to write on the plaster I now found encasing me. Whatever she wrote made the nurse snort and Dad blush. I was geographically incapable of reading it.

When her father heard I didn't fancy myself a captain of industry but a very raw lieutenant, he offered me a job. But by that time, I'd offered Liz one.

The dog? Oh, that was run over by a motorist named Smith in Lewes, the day it ran away. I gave Liz a dachshund which she calls Blenkie, short for Blenkinsop. . . .

END

No Need To Be An Expert

(*Continued from page* 53)

and brakes re-adjusted and the carburettor air cleaner cleaned. But all of this is specialized work and the garage will include it in their general servicing.

So much for routine. If you own a modern car, and provided things like these are attended to, you are not likely to have any serious trouble. Most cars are pretty reliable and if you do have a breakdown it will probably be something calling for skilled assistance, anyway. But there are a few simple points worth bearing in mind.

If your car won't start, well, before rushing to the telephone it's worth checking over some obvious things. If the starter turns the engine over very slowly, or there is only a slight dull "click" when you press the button, then it is certain your battery needs charging, and the only way to start is with the starting handle or a tow.

If there is absolutely no sound when you press the starter, then there may be a disconnected battery lead.

If the starter works but the engine just won't start, don't go on pressing the button endlessly; press it for two or three seconds at a time. Make sure you have petrol and, silly as it may seem, check that you've switched on the ignition! Should the starter jam, you can often free it by putting the car in gear with the engine switched off and rocking the car gently backwards and forwards.

Many women worry about odd noises and rattles. Most of these are really harmless, if irritating, but it is worth remembering that the heavier the noise, the more likely it is to mean trouble. Ask your garage to check in a case like that—but make sure it isn't the jack rolling about first or somebody's cars will burn!

Punctures come to most of us at some time or other. Do learn to change a wheel. You can ruin a tyre by driving on it flat for any distance—and tyres aren't cheap.

Trouble usually comes at night, so a torch is a useful thing to keep in the car. And, incidentally, always carry a spare fuse for the lighting system and get your garage man to show you where it goes and how to fit it. Then, if all your lights should go out one night, you won't have to send for a breakdown crew.

If you have your own garage or garden you can cut down expenses by valeting your car yourself. But this means investing a little in equipment. A bucket and an old rag are not enough. Instead buy a hose; set of car brushes for attachment, a good sponge and a chamois leather. There is a shampoo brush on sale which has a hollow handle for inserting a tablet of detergent.

Start on the roof and work down, using plenty of water. Watch the pressure of the hose, if too high it tends to beat in the grit and dirt. Tar spots should be treated with a mixture of two-thirds petrol and one-third clean engine oil. Rub the spot gently until the tar dissolves, then sponge over with warm water detergent. Never use household soap. Rinse with plenty of clean warm water and then leather down ready for polishing.

There are about as many different polishes on the market as there are marmalades. Polishes with silicone additions are good for rain-spot resistance. The new liquid wax polishes are easy to apply and have a fairly lasting gloss. But here again I'd ask your dealer. He will know the best polish suited for the paintwork on your car.

The smartest Paris suit is spoilt by a grubby shirt underneath. And this is my opinion about rusted chromium. It can ruin any car's looks. It is true that modern chrome isn't as good as pre-war and therefore needs much greater care, but a special chromium polish will remove the film of rust. When you run out of this try ordinary petrol. Be sure you choose a cleaner that does not contain abrasive matter which scratches the polish. Some people lacquer the chrome parts of their car but even this needs redoing from time to time.

The interior "housework" is fairly simple. Upholstery is best brushed or vacuum-cleaned, then rubbed with a damp cloth and soap. Oil or grease spots can be removed with carbon tetrachloride. Leather can be treated with a special leather soap and most of the synthetic fabrics can be wiped with a weak detergent and water. More and more manufacturers are using a spongeable plastic roof lining which is a distinct improvement on the fluffy dirt-trap fabric we used to have. Polishes and oils should not be used on plastic upholstery.

The wind-screen is the front window of your car. Constant washing down with cold water will not only prevent the wiper scratching on the grit but conserve your eye-sight. Finish off with a soft cloth dampened with methylated spirits.

Finally never forget that the male motoring specie is usually a very gallant animal. If trouble hits you and you have a breakdown, never under estimate the advantages of being a woman. Just step out by your car and throw your most dazzling smile at the first car to pass. It has never failed me yet.

END

Variations On An Apron

(*Continued from page* 46)

APRON IN GINGHAM AND CROSS STITCH

You will need 1½ yds. of gingham, 3 skeins each of Clarks stranded cotton in green, orange, brown and yellow, and matching sewing thread. From the gingham, cut a bib 9 in. by 8 in., two pockets 5 in. by 3½ in., the skirt 24 in. by 30 in., two ties 28 in. by 1 in., a neckband 19 in. by 1 in. Cut two 1 in. strips for frilling, 40 in. long for the bib, and 20 in. long for the pocket and a waistband 20 in. by 3 in.

First turn in and hem raw edges of the ties, neck band and one side of the frill strips. Make a 1-in. hem at the top of the bib and a 2-in. hem at the lower edge of skirt. Make a narrow hem on either side of skirt, each side of bib and all round the pockets. Now make the cross stitch embroidery on the bib and pockets, *working on the white squares of the gingham only*. Work three rows of one colour, three of the next and so on until whole area is completed. Put a final row of cross stitch in brown all round the outer edges. Work a 3-in. band of cross stitch similarly at the top of the hem of the skirt.

Gather the frills and stitch round the edge of the bib and pockets. Fold waistband in half and cut, making two lengths 20 in. by 1½ in.

Turn in top and lower edges of both strips. Gather the top of the skirt to fit the waistband and stitch to one strip. Place the bib at the top of this strip in the centre and stitch. Neaten the inside by stitching on the second waistband strip. Sew on pockets, ties and neckband and press on the wrong side.

HOSTESS APRON

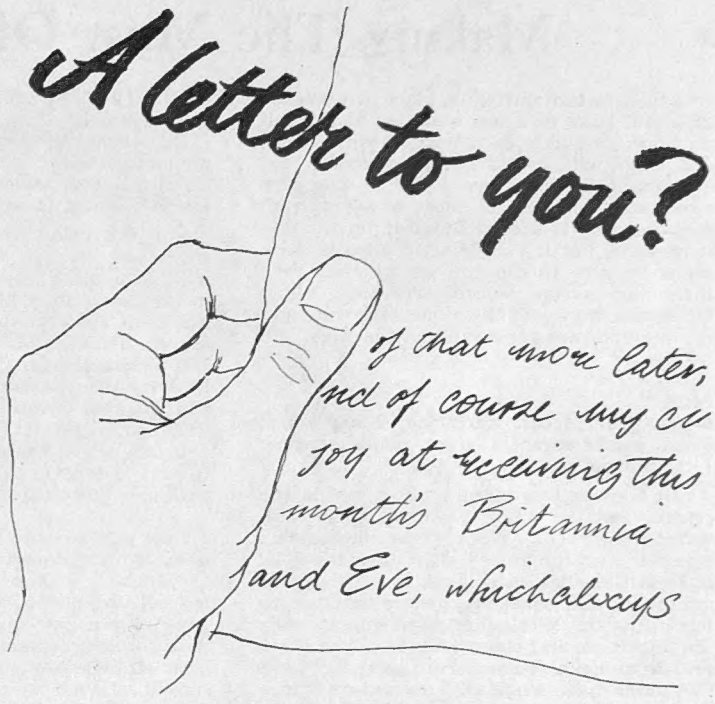
You will need 1¼ yds. of red organdie, 30 in. wide, 5 yds. of white rickrack braid trimming and matching sewing thread.

First cut the skirt 17 in. deep and 1¼ yds. wide, and round the corners of the lower edge. Cut two strips, 40 in. by 4 in., for the waistband and ties, and a strip for the shoulder strap, 20 in. by 2 in. wide. Cut a paper pattern for the heart-shaped bib with the following measurements: from top to lower point, 14 in.; width at widest point, 13 in.; rounded tops of the heart 2 in. above the widest part. Cut paper pattern for the pocket heart shape to a quarter this size. Cut out the bib and pocket in double thickness of material.

To make up, tack the two heart-shaped pieces together for the bib. Stitch all round, leaving an opening at top, turn inside out through the opening and trim edge with rickrack braid. Join the two waistband strips together, turn under raw edges and stitch together, leaving a 20-in. gap in the middle ready for the skirt to be inserted. Make a narrow hem round the sides and lower edge of skirt and trim with rickrack. Gather the skirt top and insert into the waistband and stitch. Make up pocket as for bib.

Place the point of the bib over the centre join of skirt waistband and stitch. Fold the neck strap lengthwise, turn in raw edges and stitch. Attach either side of neck, and sew on pocket.

END



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Making The Most Of Early Fruit (*Continued from page 56*)

to a thick batter with milk, place in a greased dish and bake in a hot oven for about half an hour. Sprinkle each portion with sugar, and serve with cream or top of milk.

FRENCH STRAWBERRY FLAN is a superb sweet which makes the most of a few fresh strawberries. It should be eaten on the day it is made, but if you want to keep it overnight be sure to dip the strawberries in a little hot syrup before arranging them. Otherwise they will discolour and wilt, and the so-important appearance of the sweet will be spoiled.

Pastry

6 ozs. flour; 4 ozs. margarine; 2 egg yolks; 3 ozs. caster sugar; 3 drops vanilla essence; 1 tablespoon water.

Sift flour on to a plate, make a well in the centre. Put the yolks, sugar, margarine and water into well. Work these ingredients together with the fingers, then draw the flour in from the sides, working it into the centre gradually, and squeezing gently together to form a paste. Work this paste smooth with the fingertips, and stand aside in a cool place for half an hour. Then roll out to fit a greased flan tin or dish. Prick all over and cook in a moderately hot oven for 10 minutes only. Meantime prepare the following mixture: Warm four tablespoons syrup until it liquefies, then beat in two eggs, adding a small pinch of nutmeg. Remove the flan from the oven, and quickly pour the syrup mixture into it. Replace in the oven, reduce the heat to moderate, and cook for another 30 minutes. Then, working quickly, set the strawberries in a pattern into the partly set syrup cream. Allow to get quite cold before eating, and serve with a dusting of caster sugar and some whipped cream.

And while on the subject of strawberries, why not try that American favourite, *Strawberry Shortcake*. You can use as many or as few fresh strawberries as you wish for this, and even eke out the fresh fruit with strawberry jam for the centre filling.

8 ozs. flour; 2 ozs. butter or margarine; cold milk for mixing; 2 teaspoons baking powder; good pinch salt; cream, caster sugar and strawberries *ad lib.*

Grease two sandwich tins. Rub butter into flour sieved with baking powder, mix with milk to a soft dough. Divide in half, knead each piece lightly, and flatten so that the two rounds fit the tins. Each round should be no more than half an inch thick. Brush over with a little melted butter and bake in a quick oven. Remove from the tins; while hot, spread one with butter and then with strawberries and slightly-sweetened whipped cream (*un*sweetened cream if you are using jam as the centre filling). Place the second shortbread on top. Butter the top of the cake and spread as generously as you can with the fresh fruit, whipped cream, and a dusting of caster sugar.

FRUIT SAVARIN (gooseberries, cherries or currants)

2 heaped tablespoons self-raising flour; ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda; fresh fruit up to 1 lb. in quantity; sugar to sweeten; 3 eggs; 3 ozs. sugar; ½ teaspoon vanilla.

Stand basin in hot water and whisk eggs and sugar together till thick, creamy and warmed through. This takes about 8 minutes. Stir in flavouring, mix flour with bicarbonate and fold into egg mixture. Pour into well-greased and floured border mould and bake in a hot oven for 15 minutes. Turn on to rack to cool. Simmer the fruit in a little water till tender but not broken, and add sugar. Pour the fruit liquid over the sponge and pile the fruit in the centre. Serve with custard or cream. It can be eaten hot or cold.

FRUIT TRIFLE (requiring ½ pint of any soft stewed fruit)

¼ lb. plain stale cake; ½ pint custard; 1 gill evaporated milk; 2 to 3 tablespoons boiling water; 1 level tablespoon sugar; 1 teaspoon lemon essence; scant ½ oz. gelatine.

Cut the cake into the thinnest possible slices and arrange with alternate layers of fruit in a bowl, beginning and ending with fruit. Leave until all the juice from the fruit has been absorbed by the cake. Then take ½ pint custard, add the evaporated milk and 1 tablespoon sugar. Add the lemon essence. Dissolve the gelatine in the boiling water and add to the custard mixture while warm. Stir gently till it begins to thicken, then pour at once on to the soaked cake, and leave to set. Decorate with fresh fruit, sprinkle with chopped nuts and serve with cream.

Like any other of these recipes, cream is a desirable accompaniment, but not essential, of course. I am reminded of Rosalind Russell's rejoinder when, as Ruth in the film *My Sister Eileen*, an advertisement told her that some breakfast cereal was "Delicious with strawberries and cream." She replied simply: "What isn't?"

Also from America comes a delicious recipe for STRAWBERRY CHIFFON PIE, when strawberries are a little more plentiful.

One and a half cups (breakfast size) strawberries; ¾ cup sugar; 1 tablespoon gelatine; ¼ cup cold water; ¼ cup boiling water; 1 tablespoon lemon juice; 2 egg whites; ⅛ teaspoon salt.

Wash, hull, and slice the berries, cover with sugar, and let them stand for half an hour. Sprinkle the gelatin over the cold water, let stand 5 minutes, then add boiling water and lemon juice. Stir and strain over the berries. Stir the mixture well, and chill until it begins to thicken. Fold in the egg whites and salt, beaten until stiff but not dry. If desired, fold in ½ cup of heavy cream, beaten until stiff. Pour into a baked pie shell, and garnish with whipped cream and a few perfect berries.

RHUBARB BROWN BETTY is a standby when only rhubarb is available.

Two cups bread crumbs; ¼ cup butter, melted; 2 cups cooked rhubarb; ¼ cup sugar, brown or white; ¼ teaspoon grated nutmeg or 1 teaspoon cinnamon; grated rind and juice ½ lemon.

Mix crumbs and butter lightly with fork. Cover bottom of a buttered pudding dish with crumbs and spread over half the rhubarb. Sprinkle this with half the sugar, nutmeg, lemon juice, and rind mixed together. Spread over the remaining rhubarb, sprinkle with the remaining ingredients, cover with crumbs and bake 40 minutes in moderate oven (350 deg. F.). Cover at first to prevent crumbs from browning too rapidly. Use more sugar if the rhubarb is very tart, and serve with cream.

A quickly prepared dish is RASPBERRY or STRAWBERRY WHIP.

One and a quarter cup berries; 1 cup powdered sugar; 1 egg white.

Beat these together with a wire whisk or electric beater until they are stiff enough to hold shape. Chill and serve.

Strawberry and Pineapple Fluffy Cream uses pineapple juice and a few strawberries.

In a small cup have 3 level teaspoons powdered gelatine and 3 tablespoons of boiling water. Place the cup in a basin of boiling water and allow the gelatine to dissolve. When dissolved stir it into 1½ breakfast cups of sweetened pineapple with juice which may be tinned. Put away until it begins to thicken. The juice should not be chilled when the gelatine is added or it will go stringy and need warming. Have it just at room temperature. Beat with an electric or rotary beater until foamy and thick, then add ½ cup of evaporated milk and continue beating for 1 minute. Beat the whites of 2 eggs until stiff. Fold into the pineapple mixture. Stir in 1 cup sliced strawberries. Pile into a serving dish or individual dishes and allow to set. Decorate with whipped cream and sliced strawberries.

And, as a final suggestion for stretching fruit, *Rice Creams* blend excellently with any fresh or stewed fruit.

Two tablespoons rice; 1½ tablespoons sugar; 1 gill water; 2 eggs; ¾ pint milk; 1 oz. margarine; 1 teaspoon vanilla essence.

Put rice into top half of a double cooker with the gill of water and cook gently over hot water till all liquid is absorbed. Add milk and sugar and continue to cook till rice is tender. Stir in margarine, cool slightly and beat in one egg. Separate the second egg, and add the yolk to the rice mixture, together with the essence. Whip the white stiffly and fold in. Rinse a number of small moulds with cold water, fill with the rice mixture and leave to set. Turn out when cold, and surround each with fruit.

Two-piece Sun-suit (*Continued from page 29*)

Similarly, pin on the other side panel and machine these seams.

With right sides of the material facing, machine together the underarm seams, press and neaten if necessary. Turn up a 1½-in. hem round the sleeve edges, trim off lower edge of tunic and turn up a good hem.

Hollow out the neck 4½ ins. deep in front and back and 4½ ins. each side of centre point. Leave the neck binding until the shorts are cut out, then use off-cuts of material to make a 6-in. wide crossway strip. When joined, this must be long enough to bind the neck. Sew one raw edge right side of work facing, to neck edge. Turn in other edge and stitch inside neck along first line of sewing.

To make the shorts, you will first have to cut a paper pattern, following diagram I.

To make the pattern for the shorts, first rule out 1-in. squares on a sheet of strong paper as shown in diagram I, then mark out pattern lines over the appropriate squares. You need only mark the squares which will affect the pattern, i.e. not all the unaffected ones in the middle.

Cut out the pattern and place it on doubled material, with the lower edge of leg along the selvedge.

To make up the shorts, join the centre front and centre back seams, and then join the 7-in. leg seams, making sure you get the right ones together. Turn up and sew a 1¼-in. hem on each leg.

Make a slit down the left side for the opening, making sure it is long enough. Take a pleat each side of the centre back and front seam to give a good fit at the waist. Cut a 3-in. wide strip long enough to go round the waist. With right sides facing, sew the waistband to the waist. Turn over to make a 1¼-in. waistband and stitch inside along first line of sewing. Neaten the side opening and fasten with press fasteners.

END

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